THEATRE MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1917

YULETIDE GREETINGS!

Christmas is here again for you as well as for stage folk.

Even actors write to dear Old Santa.

"A Letter to Santa Claus" from Henry E. Dixey will appear in the December THEATRE MAGAZINE. Mr. Dixey sends a whimsical communication to Santa and asks him to bring lots of things to the American theatregoer.

Under the guise of humor he names some very pressing needs of the theatre, and by poking fun at certain conditions and traditions is able to suggest needful changes.

A letter that will make you laugh and think!

PRODUCING grand opera on tour is no easy task.

Yet Max Rabinoff has done it—and successfully too.

Of course, he has had some extraordinary experiences, such as being rescued at the eleventh hour when pressing financial difficulties stared him in the face.

In his article, "The Trials of an Impresario," he tells how he has accomplished what others deemed impossible—conducting grand opera on tour.

HAVE you ever wondered after witnessing a big musical revue with its riot of color and costume, its host of girls, its comedians and prima donnas how this heterogeneous mass has been evolved into a harmonious whole?

"Rehearsing Musical Comedy," which Percy Waxman has written for the December THEATRE, will take you into the empty theatre where you can watch unobserved the way musical comedies are rehearsed.

FIFTY years on the stage! What a glorious career!

James O'Neill, the eminent actor, has just celebrated the passing of his half-century mark on the stage.

The THEATRE MAGAZINE will publish his reminiscences in the December issue. Mr. O'Neill's account of his stage life and associations is inspiring, illuminative and interesting throughout.

TO the pessimistic among the theatrical profession, Christmas means just one more matinée.

But to those who carry the spirit of the season in their hearts it contains just as much excitement and fun as it does for those who sit at their family dinner table.

Robert Hilliard, in the next number, will tell of Christmas on the road, how preparations are made, some notable stage celebrations, and what Christmas means to the young player.

"The Theatrical Christmas" is a colorful story, filled with interesting reminiscence.

ARE you acquainted with all the actors who won fame in Shakespearean rôles?

You've read about Garrick's Richard the majesty of Forrest's Lear, the beauty of Booth's Hamlet.

But there are many other distinguished Shakespearean actors about whom you have never heard.

Read about them in the next issue.

STAGE folks are always giving parties for the benefit of someone or other.

Feeling in an altruistic mood—and who doesn't in Christmas season—we have arranged a big party for them. At least Harold Seton has. It is to occur in the Christmas THEATRE and is to be given by no less a personage than Santa Claus.

Don't miss being present. No invitations have been sent out, but all the important theatrical folks will be present, and there's to be lots of fun.

Watch for it. It's to be called "Santa Claus Gives a Party."

IF you can't just make up your mind what to give for Christmas this year, why not let us help you out?

There's nothing so welcome as a subscription to the THEATRE MAGAZINE. It's not only a Christmas greeting, but one for every month of the year.

Twelve beautiful issues, exquisitely illustrated. $3.50 a year.

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LOUIS MEYER, PAUL MEYER
Publishers
ARTHUR HORNBLOW
Editor

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INA CLAIRE AS JOAN OF ARC IN THE ROSEMARY PAGEANT FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE RED CROSS

THEATRE MAGAZINE

THE TAX ON THEATRE TICKETS

By MARC KLAW

IN the last hours of the War Revenue Bill just before the Conference Committee in the Senate ended their labors, two points stood out like promontories in the sea of confusion which had been imposed upon the theatres by the war tax demands.

One was the startling discrimination made in favor of the motion picture houses, and the other the naive way in which was placed a tax upon theatre tickets without any consideration for the endless, almost helpless way in which it might work out at the box-office.

The great trouble with the theatrical profession at all times has been to "let George it." When I came back recently from California I found that a motion picture representative had been allowed to go to Washington and talk his head off in favor of his own industry (the picture people call theirs an industry) and at the expense of everything in the spoken drama; this in spite of the fact that he went there as a member of the United Managers' Protective Association.

The motion pictures were exempt, I was told by members of the Committee, because they were a poor man's amusement and educational; but that same poor man was to be taxed if he bought a 25-cent gallery ticket in a theatre where the spoken drama is given. This in spite of the fact that in England and France most of the Government revenue collected comes from the motion picture houses.

THE educational argument was too absurd for serious consideration. It meant simply that if "Ben Hur" or "Hamlet" were played in a first-class New York theatre, in which there were hundreds of cheap tickets on sale, that a tax would be imposed upon every man, woman or child who dared to come to see it; but, if either of these plays were shown in an ill-ventilated picture joint next door the same theatregoer was to be exempt. In other words, the pictures without language were more educational than the poetic text of Shakespeare or the fine English text of William Young, who dramatized "Ben Hur," or the spoken thoughts of the late General Lew Wallace. No further illustration is necessary in arguing this burlesque feature of the bill before its revision.

The silly plea was made that the motion picture is educational to the exclusion of all other forms of amusement. Considering that the motion picture industry up to the present has thrived largely as a by-product of the spoken drama I resented this idea of labeling it as educational. The records show that most of the exploited so called educational pictures were usually finally suppressed by the public authorities.

It is time that this whole silly theory of the educational in amusements was exploded. Amusements should be wholesome and moral and incidentally, if possible, educational. To say that is their primary object is a pose so hypocritical as to be unworthy of discussion.

The sands of the theatrical seashore are strewn with the corpses of theatrical managers who have catered to those so called critics who are yelling for literature in the drama. In the theatres the thinking for the audience must be done on the stage, and unless it is done so elementally that the auditor can follow it quickly, it fails.

OUR Government has been more drastic in taxation than any other Governments were in the first or second year of the war, and in fact even now in Canada the maximum tax is 10 cents on a ticket, no matter what its price, and in Canada the theatres are allowed a commission on the sale of tickets, running from 5 to 10 per cent., according to price of the tickets. This is done by the Canadian Government to reimburse the theatres for the extra expense occasioned by reason of their having to install ticket-choppers or extra assistants in collecting the tax. But, I have always found that the attitude of the authorities to the theatre is more considerate in England and its Colonies than it is in this country.

A communication before me from Mr. J. Trohite, Solicitor of the Treasury of Canada, concludes with the words, "I might add that the collection of the tax here has been proceeding very satisfactorily and with no friction and little or no inconvenience to the public or theatre managers.

Do not misunderstand me; there was little or no complaint from managers of so called legitimate theatres, who were going to bear the burden of this taxation in spite of the fact that the motion picture industry (they call it an industry—we call the spoken drama a profession) was to be made exempt. Happily the Committee of Conferees decided at the last moment to include the picture houses, all except the so called 5-cent theatres, and the motion picture people, if they have a spark of patriotism left in them should be proud they were included in the efforts of the Government to raise revenue and should be ashamed of the leader who stood before the Senate Committee, begging off for the picture houses and asking only that the high-priced theatres be taxed.

MR. ERLANGER and I are interested in several picture houses and are quite willing that they should bear their share of the burden and letters are on file with the members of the Finance Committee and the Secretary of the Treasury testifying this fact.

The only complaint I have heard from managers of so called legitimate theatres is that the tax was imposed without any consultation or hearing as to how the tax should be collected. We want to avoid as much as possible the trouble and confusion for both the theatre and the public which will ensue until the plan is worked out.

Personally, I favored a stamp tax, but there are some troublous aspects in that form of collection.

In the present bill before me there is to be a charge of 1 cent for each 10 cents or fraction thereof of the amount paid for an admission, to be paid by the person making such payment. In other words, we are to be the collectors for the Government, just as we are in the income tax matter.

Under this arrangement for a 25-cent ticket in the gallery, 28 cents must be collected, that is, 1 cent for each 10 cents or fraction thereof; $1.50 ticket will become $1.65; 75-cent ticket will become 83 cents. The making of change under these conditions is going to be interesting to say the least. A flat tax of 2 cents or 5 cents per ticket would have given the Government a much larger revenue, because then stamps could have been used. They could have been purchased from the Government in advance and the Government would have had its money in advance.

By using ticket choppers such as are employed at the subway stations, tickets and stamps could have automatically been cancelled and much auditing and checking up with their attendant expenses could be saved. I have not read the revised bill and possibly this arrangement may still be employed.

SO far as the hotels and ticket agencies are concerned the bill as it lies before me threatens to legislate them out of business, but possibly there is some revision.

Everyone in the theatrical business knows I hold no brief for the agencies and have fought them on many occasions but I question the wisdom or justice of the legislators saying to us that, in addition to the 10 per cent. of the gross which we are taxed, plus the percentage of profits which will be taken from all corporations and the income tax that the theatres will bear sufficient proportion of taxation without asking them for half of any excess over their required prices. If the hotels would charge a fair excess to the public this whole evil could be avoided but they don't do it, and until they do do it they must expect prejudice to rule against them and cost them money whenever there is legislation in the air on the subject of theatre tickets.

Some confusion is likely to result from the clause which says the tax shall be paid by the purchaser. Supposing a theatre, in order to avoid the complication incurred in making small change should decide to pay the tax itself. That is, sell its tickets at the regular box office price, giving the Government 10 per cent. on all the money it takes in. This after all was the intent of the Legislature (*Concluded on page* 310)

IS BERNARD SHAW SINCERE?

The British Satirist Judged by Professional Associates

IN these days of mutual recrimination in the great theatre of international affairs, it is well to be cautious about our playwrights and our plays. We are fast approaching the time when we may exact a government investigation of the sincerity of the dramatist. Insincerity has long been in need of censorship though it flourishes. In the theatre the masquerade of truth is often too obvious. Plays are either pretty, witty, or stupid. Few are ever sincere.

The clever writers for the theatre are usually ambitious to be taken seriously. They are the men and women who write plays to make people think. No man who has enlightened the theatre with a genius for illuminating plays has done more to rumple our feelings than George Bernard Shaw. He has pinched our pride and our conventions till they are black and blue from the bruises. He has operated on us in the interest of moral research, or in the interest of private curiosity, to an extent that would be disastrous except for his delightful anæsthetic of humor and painless application of diluted sentiment.

Is Bernard Shaw sincere?

Because he thinks brilliantly we are almost convinced that he is, until we feel the sting of his idea ourselves, and then we are in pardonable doubt about him. The healthiest actors have found cause to question his sincerity because he is a vegetarian. Mrs. Patrick Campbell was the first to point this fact out. He had been unusually irritable at a rehearsal of "Pygmalion" in London, which was practically written for her. The crisis came to a very difficult situation when Mrs. Campbell walked to the footlights and said:

"You may be right, Mr. Shaw, but if anyone gives you meat, God help the women of England!"

MOST of the players who have come under the spell of his work, who have had to study the two-edged meaning of his lines regard him with the respect of sincere admiration. They do not warm to him personally, but they warm to the power of his lines, of his ideas. Hilda Spong, who has appeared in many of the Shaw plays, remembers him with gratitude for many successful seasons in his plays.

"Shaw's workmanship is sincere," she says, "because he never forgets himself in it. His philosophy stands the test of research in truth. As a teacher, a preacher he is far too sincere. It is in these degrees of his genius that he reveals his amazing understanding of human nature, that he presents himself as one of the most puzzling anomalies of the world of letters. He drives his lesson home in a spirit of cynicism—never with a lump in the throat. He shows the skeleton in the closet, makes his audience gasp in recognition of the human hideousness of their friends or their own households. Thanks to Shaw, I've had a number of full dinner pails, of long seasons, but during all that time I've never felt a Shavian audience thrill with feeling, I have never sensed that any heart in the audience has been touched, never felt that the sinner out in front has acquired an emotional determination to be better for anything Shaw has said to them from the stage."

The smooth and polished personality of William Faversham has contributed much to the latent charm of the Shaw idea. His performances in "Getting Married" lifted the cynicism of the usual actor's perception of Shavian wit to the higher purposes of the Shavian school. That was because Mr. Faversham believes what Shaw writes.

"There is no more sincere man in the world than George Bernard Shaw," he said. "I met Shaw many years ago. At that time I was producing Stephen Phillips' remarkable drama 'Herod,' and he was much interested in my plans. We did not talk of producing any of Shaw's plays then, but I was struck by his vitality and his vividness. Later Forbes-Robertson, who was the first to play Dick in Shaw's 'The Devil's Disciple,' said to me: 'If you were ten years older you could play Dick better than any of us.' I recently wrote Shaw and told him what Forbes-Robertson had said and he gave me the rights to the production of the play over here, but wished the piece to be held over until the war is ended as he feared the public might misunderstand and think he accused England of being a foe to liberty. I heartily agreed with him.

MY first active interest in Bernard Shaw was aroused when I saw 'Getting Married' produced in England. It was not a success over there, but I was sure of it for America. I took the matter up with Shaw, and he gave me the play, but as we disagreed on the cast, I dropped the piece. But I couldn't forget the play and eight years later I opened negotiations with him again. It seems he had been keeping the comedy for me all the time. Everything was soon settled and 'Getting Married' was produced, scoring a success far exceeding Shaw's prophecy and my own great expectations. Shaw means everything he says. I recall that he once wrote me on this point:

"'There is absolutely nothing subtle in my plays. Unless I know exactly what I mean I don't say it; and when I do know, I give it straight in the face.'

"Shaw has been the victim of his admirers as much if not more so than of his enemies. Because he is brilliant, biting and satirical, he was often accused of being insincere, but this he never is. He once wrote to Tolstoi that if life is a huge joke, why not make it the hugest joke possible? Tolstoi was offended at what seemed to him Shaw's levity, but I know of no more serious-minded man than Bernard Shaw. He knows that, if you can make a man laugh, you can get his attention. The average man hates being told anything. Life is strenuous enough without the preachings of other men. At least so it seems to the man in the street. Shaw, being gifted with humor, has used this weapon to reach the average man."

MISS GRACE GEORGE has demonstrated her inclination and her ability to present plays with ideas, plays of cerebral activity. Her performance last season in Shaw's play "Major Barbara," was considered unique in its clear appreciation of the author's purpose.

"It is a great pity that we haven't a Bernard Shaw in this country," she said. "We need such a playwright, not only for the brilliant amusement that his Shavian inclinations would ply, but because above all we need some st mind equal to the task of being sincere. I that George Bernard Shaw has been unj localized as an English author. Besides actually an Irishman, his themes and his servations are not of England, but of life. though he has taken a special delight in des ing the stupid conventions of that insular h being, the Englishman, he has swept the of human beings with a vision far broader the scope of England could give him.

"His sincerity is perhaps the cause of question, the doubts, and the confusion of ion about him. Sincerity is a danger s to most people, because insincerity cannot with it. That is why women do not alway derstand Shaw, that is why men attack motives. Aside from the natural brilliance his mind, Shaw writes only because he to be sincere, because he wishes to impres need of sincerity in a world of extreme h risy. Of course I can have but one an to your question,—George Bernard Shaw i sincerest man in literature."

From the standpoint of the producer, George C. Tyler's personal acquaintance relations with Shaw are conclusive.

"I have known Bernard Shaw for years," said Mr. Tyler, "and so far as he sonally is concerned, as a man distinct his writings, I consider him one of the rest human beings I have ever met. He i kindliest and gentlest of souls. The mal quality of much of his humor he reserves f plays. In private life his humor has a h warmth that makes him one of the mos lightful companions and friends I have eve

HIS charity is unbounded, though he times tries to make people believe he is a hard-hearted wretch. Shortly afte beginning of the Great War I spent an ev with him in London. He had just writt appeal for the relief of the suffering Be at the request of a committee.

"'I finished it this afternoon,' he said, it was a most convincing narrative. W read it over I felt myself so tremendously that I wrote my cheque for a hundred an pounds.'

"As to the sincerity of his writings, another question. I think that whenev scores a point for genuine social reform the relief of distress and for the ab of the curse of poverty he is superlativel cere. Many of the other ideas that he expression to, many of the surprisingly sidelights on all sorts of things that he put his plays are, I am certain, not intended taken seriously by intelligent people. The lish are the most ultra-conservative peo the world and Shaw takes a positively d delight in shocking them, just for the f the thing. He likes to jar them out of complacent attitude toward life and th of the world and so long as he accomplish he doesn't mind whether people are go consider him sincere or not."

Miss Elizabeth Risdon, who has been a ian actress under the spell of Shaw's o rection, regards the author as an optimis cere to the core.

Photos White

JULIETTE DAY AND SAM HARDY IN "THE RIVIERA GIRL" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM

RUTH MAYCLIFFE AND EVA LE GALLIENNE IN "SATURDAY TO MONDAY" AT THE BIJOU

Otto Kruger George Parsons Maude Eburne

SCENE IN "HERE COMES THE BRIDE" AT THE COHAN THEATRE

INTERESTING MOMENTS IN POPULAR PLAYS

In "Misalliance," where she is appearing now, she presents Shaw's idea of the emancipated young girl, as she ought to be but is not, her conception of Shaw is interesting because it touches him emotionally.

"I first met George Bernard Shaw when he sent for me in London with a view to my playing Fanny in 'Fanny's First Play' in America," she said. "He engaged me for the part and rehearsed the company. Shaw is well known through his many photographs, but I often think that the public would better understand the man could it but see him in person. There is something very vivid about Bernard Shaw, something very vital and to come in contact with him, if even for only a few minutes, is like a tonic. He is invigorating. No one is more alive, to my idea, than Shaw. He is now growing very grey, but his eyes are as keen, his smile as kindly, his interest as great as that of a schoolboy just entering life. He seems never to have been disillusioned. He has faith, real faith in life and in people. There is almost a yearning tenderness about the man. He seems to want so much for people to understand, to believe and to live in the fullest meaning of the word. It has seemed to me that when he has written a play full of sharp comment on the slothfulness and toleration of humanity he must almost feel as a father does when he has punished a naughty child.

"To ask if such a man is insincere is to put a wrong note into the scheme of things. If people will misunderstand him—and why they should I don't know for no one is more direct in what he says—then it is a pity. I must confess I often think more of the man than of what he says and what he says is always illumined for me by the man. If one once gets the personal touch with a big man, his whole work appears so much the greater. Shaw seems the personification of simplicity, sincerity and directness. He dresses very quietly, always in a darkish-colored suit of tweed or some rough cloth. He seldom if ever wears starched linen. In fact I do not recall ever seeing him with a linen collar. When he attends a theatre he generally sits in a box and does not dress, as is the almost unbreakable law of some London theatres. His home is very comfortable without a single suggestion of 'high art.' He is an admirer of William Morris, however, and there is something of Morris in the decorations. There is heaps of sunshine everywhere—that is when the sun shines, as it does sometimes in London.

"Shaw wants people to think. He asks his players to believe in him, but if they cann believe in what they have to say, to deliver t lines and act the rôles as if they did believe him. 'Conviction is the alpha and omega Shaw playing,' he always tells everyone w appears in his plays.

"Shaw wants people to laugh. Life is good—he feels—there is so much fun if c only looks for it. There are enough things make people cry. Besides he knows that t surest way to kill silly ideas is to laugh at th and to make those believe in them laugh them. I truly think no one has accomplish more worth-while reforms than Shaw, and he h done it all by making others see the ridiculo side.

"He is not a bit clever to talk to. I me clever in the sense of the smarty-smart pers who want to be clever at your expense. He always at rehearsals, sitting up in the front r of the dress circle, or balcony, and he is m amused at his plays.

"So you see I know Shaw is sincere. And know no one is more dead in earnest about a thing than Shaw himself. He doesn't say a b liant thing, as do so many of his imitators, j to be clever. He says it because he means and he has to."

THE PATRIOTIC POEM

By HAROLD SETON

SCENE: The office of Jingle and Company, music publishers, Times Square, New York City.

(*Enormous quantities of letters are piled up on desks and chairs. Jimmie, the office-boy, enters from Left, with two trash-baskets filled with unopened letters. Mr. Jingle enters from Right, with two trash-baskets filled with opened letters.*)

JIMMIE: Mr. Jingle, what shall I do with these letters?

JINGLE: Well, you might as well put them in my private office! There's no more room in here! And say, Jimmie, throw these out!

JIMMIE: But where will I throw them?

JINGLE: In the big tin can in the hallway!

JIMMIE: But that's all filled up!

JINGLE: Then tell the janitor to empty it!

JIMMIE: He's emptied it three times to-day, and he says he won't empty it again!

JINGLE: How many letters came to-day?

JIMMIE (*consulting a memorandum book*): One thousand seven hundred and eighty-two!

JINGLE: How many does that make for the two weeks that the contest has been open?

JIMMIE (*consulting memorandum book again*): Twelve thousand four hundred and forty-one!

JINGLE: Who'd have believed that there were so many poets and so little poetry in the world? When I offered a five hundred dollar prize for the best words for a patriotic song, I never imagined such a thing as—this! (*He looks around in bewilderment.*)

JIMMIE: No, sir, neither did I! Neither did the postman! Neither did the janitor! Neither did nobody!

(*Enter Bertie Butterfly from Left. He is extremely ladylike.*)

BUTTERFLY: I beg your pardon! But is this Mr. Jingle's office?

JINGLE: It is!

BUTTERFLY: And are you Mr. Jingle?

JINGLE: I am!

BUTTERFLY: Well, my name is Butterfly, Bertie Butterfly, of the Summer Garden chorus, and I have written some verses that I thought would be perfectly lovely for a national anthem! Do let me read them to you!

JINGLE: But I—

BUTTERFLY: There, there! No trouble whatever! (*He unrolls a manuscript tied with pink ribbon, and starts to read.*)

"A HYMN OF HORROR!"

This war is a disgusting thing,
And rough, rough, rough!
But harken to the song I sing,
So gruff, gruff, gruff!
We'll have to very manly be,
And tough, tough, tough!
Until the Germans cry, "Oh, gee!
Enough, 'nough, 'nough!"

CHORUS:

Then stamp your feet, and pout your lips,
And at the Kaiser sneer!
With both your hands upon your hips,
Scream boldly, "Hoops, my dear!"

(*Enter Mike McGovern from Left. He is extremely tough.*)

McGOVERN: Say, what's goin' on here?

JINGLE: A patriotic song contest!

McGOVERN: Well, this is the dump I'm lookin' for!

JINGLE: Have you written a patriotic song?

McGOVERN: I soitainly have! Got any objection? Wanter make an argerment? If you do, just start somethin', and I'll hand you a wallop on the nose! See? I'm Mike McGovern, of de Gas House Gang! I'm a pugilist by profession, but I'm a poet on the side! I write de woids for the yells at the picnics of the Timothy O'Brien Outing Association. But dis is different! Lissen and see! (*He takes a dirty scrap of paper from his pocket, and starts to read.*)

"LIBERTY!"

The Joymans kinder tought dey had
A grip upon de woild,
But jasser same dey got in bad,
Soon as dey seen unfoiled
De stars and stripes of U. S. A.,
Surmounted by a boid
Day screams all night and screams all day!
A soitain little woid.

CHORUS:

Liberty! Liberty! He calls it loud and long!
Liberty! Liberty! He calls it swell and strong
Liberty! Liberty! He whistles and he hums!
Liberty! Liberty! De Joymans all is bums!

(*Enter Fritz Dinkelhauser from Left. He extremely German.*)

DINKELHAUSER: Iss dis der Sangerbund?

JINGLE: The—what?

DINKELHAUSER: Der place vere patri songs is vanted?

JINGLE: It is the place where patriotic so *were* wanted!

DINKELHAUSER: Vell here iss mine! (*produces a ten-page manuscript, and starts read.*)

"DER SPIRIT OF AMERICA!"

Dis iss der time for Yankees all
To answer to der nation's call,
Und rally round der flag!
Ve are der vons der country needs,
Und vords can't take der place of deeds,
So do not stop to brag!

On liberty our hearts are set,
But just the same do not forget
Der var vas started by
Der English, who, as all can see,
Vere envious of Chermany,
Und vished to see her die!

Dey used der French, und Belgians too,
To help to put der business trough!
Vy should ve giff a dam
For any udder land but ours,
Or get mixed up vit foreign powers?
Hooray for Uncle Sam!

(*Enter a Postman at Left, pushing a wh barrow filled with letters. He dumps them the middle of the room.*)

POSTMAN: Here y'are! I'll bring anot load up right away!

(*As the Postman goes out at Left a cro of people come in, male and female, young old, rich and poor.*)

THE CROWD (*together*): *Is this the place the patriotic poems?*

JINGLE (*in despair*): No!!!

(QUICK CURTAIN.)

Photo Fairchild

MARGOT KELLY

Who will be remembered as the charming Phyrnette of "Pierrot the Prodigal," and now a feature of "Miss 1917" at the Century

Sarony

ANN PENNINGTON

This dainty little dancer is just as pert, graceful and adorable as ever in the new Century production

Sarony

WILDA BENNETT

Who has scored again in the title rôle of "The Riviera Girl"

Fairchild

LUCILLE CAVANAGH

Chic, if somewhat décolletée, Miss Cavanagh has high-stepped her way into vaudeville's favor

A GARDEN OF GIRLS

© Ira L. Hill

ETHEL BARRYMORE AS SUFFERING BELGIUM

A HUGE audience of over 5,000 persons, representative of almost everyone of note in the social, literary and business life of the metropolis, assembled on October 5th last at the Rosemary Open Air Theatre on the beautiful estate of Mr. Roland B. Conklin at Huntington, L. I., to witness the National Red Cross Pageant.

A truly brilliant spectacle and one of the most elaborate ever presented in this vicinity was the general verdict regarding this ambitious undertaking for which the foremost players and women prominent in society lent their services.

Nature contributed a background of rare loveliness. In a lagoon with bluish waters, separating the stage of greensward from the amphitheatre, swam stately swans, while lovely maidens and fierce Tritons disported as King John sailed along in his royal barge. Over the rocks gushed a waterfall. An orchestra of fifty pieces from the Symphony Society of New York and conducted by Victor Kolar, discoursed sweet music from a rocky promontory, while the splendid Naval Band of Lieut. John Philip Sousa played on the rock-clad green.

The pageant began at 2.30 p.m., the pupils of Florence Fleming Noyes, dressed as Greek vestals, dancing a welcome to the Genius of Enlightenment, impersonated by Edith Wynne Matthison who dedicated the grand central altar to peace. Then followed the various episodes and procession of historic personages.

© Ira L. Hill

LIBERTY
Gladys Hanson

© Ira L. H

AMERICA
Marjorie Rambeau

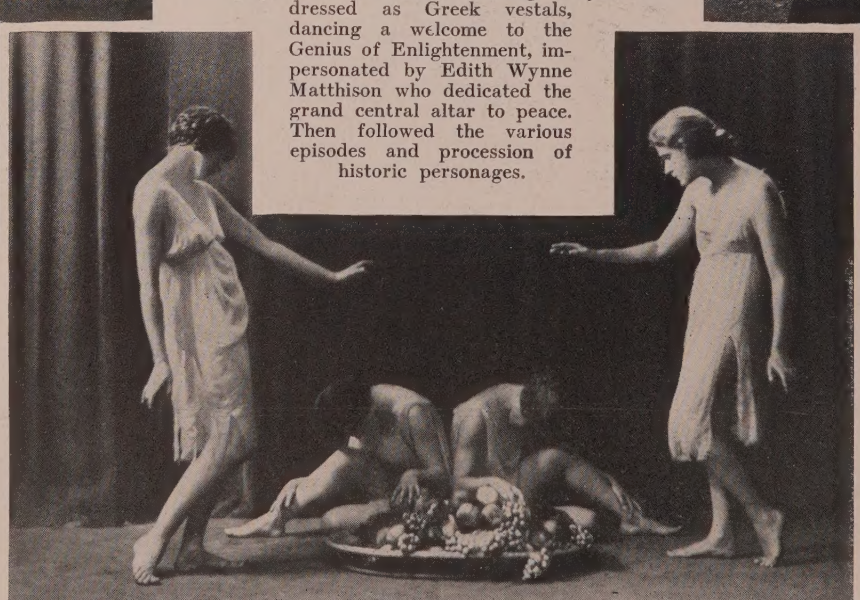

Photo Genthe

The Florence Fleming Noyes Dancers who opened the Pageant with the Dance of the Invocation

SOCIETY AND STAGE IN INSPIRING WAR PAGEANT

THE GENIUS OF ENLIGHTENMENT
Edith Wynne Matthison

ARMENIA—Helen Ware

JUSTICE—Howard Kyle

Photos copyright Ira L. Hill

FRANCE—Rita Jolivet

ENGLAND—E. H. Sothern

ITALY—Clara Joel

NOTED PLAYERS AS THE WARRING NATIONS

Photos copyright Ira L. Hill

MRS. BEN ALI HAGGIN
as Duchesse d'Alençon

BEN ALI HAGGIN
as Dunois, the defender of France

AIMEE DALMORES
as Marguerite, Comtesse de Nevers

FRANCES WHITE
as The Page

IVY TROUTMAN
as Euriante, Comtesse de Nevers

CLIFTON WEBB
as Alain Chartier, the poet

PICTURESQUE PERSONAGES IN THE FRENCH EPISODE

THE DRAWING OF THE SWORD—Justice, Truth and Liberty on their thrones

TO the court of Truth, Liberty and Justice comes Servia, stating the demands made upon him by Austria. Liberty and Justice bid him draw the sword. Truth warns him that the act will set the world aflame. But Servia may not choose. He draws the sword.

Belgium enters with her orphaned children, her stricken people, she pleads her cause, and to her defense come England and France, and after them, Russia, the fires of revolution already smouldering among his people. England calls to his far colonies, and Japan brings his pledge of the defense of the Pacific.

And now, as from a great distance, comes the cry of Armenia. Italy, casting off the bonds of the Triple Alliance, joins the Allies, as do Portugal and Roumania. To the assembled nations, Poland, the thrice divided, makes her appeal.

Now truth warns the nations of the strength of the foe, and the nations lament their losses Liberty and Justice call to America. And now a new tumult arises in the Russian group, the haughty leader is dethroned, and the New Russia gropes her way toward the fires of freedom and war. Her bewilderment falls upon the nations as a pall, and they moan beneath it. But now, a new trumpet is heard, and America enters, saluting her Allies, and pledging her sword to their common cause.

The Flemish is the first of the episodes. Flanders enters from the left with her escort. She comes to centre and takes her position on the altar steps. The four cities enter in the order named, Bruges, Ghent, Ypres, Louvain. They leave their banners and groups and come forward giving allegiances to Flanders. Then all turn to the altar, and the symbol of the fleece is deposited upon it. They then come down stage in order, Flanders leading. The groups and banners fall in behind the respective cities, and all go off to right in procession.

Photos copyright Ira L. Hill

GHENT
Margaret Moreland

THE FLEMISH HERALD
Douglas J. Wood

YPRES
Adelaide Prince

LOUVAIN
Olive Tell

DEVASTATED BELGIAN CITIES APPEAL TO THE COURT OF THE WORLD

THE ACTOR IN TIME OF WAR

By CHARLES BURNHAM

IN times of great stress it is often advisable that the thoughts of people should be directed into channels that will for the moment give them needed relaxation. When the citizens of Paris threatened an insurrection, Napoleon, in an effort to divert their mind from such a project, instructed his ministers to have the dome of the Invalides gilded. Shakespeare expressed this idea when he wrote:

"Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?"

In furnishing the multitude that change which amusement should afford, the theatre, when rightly guided will undoubtedly extend to the greatest number the best means to that end. Now that this country has become deeply involved in the World War, the great question that will naturally arise in managers' minds will be, what form of entertainment will best appeal, at such a time, the light and frothy, or the deeper more thoughtful plays? Perhaps a more serious question will be where will the actors come from, especially the younger members of the stage.

The legitimate stage has been quite well drained by the call of the movies, and should the young actor's number be drawn, and his services demanded by the Nation authors may be compelled to write plays in which youth plays no part, or else the elder actor who remains at home, may be forced to show the extent of his art in his ability to simulate youth. This would prove a difficult task. It might succeed on the screen, but when it came to an elderly actor endeavoring to make himself acceptable in such rôles as that played by Forrest Winant in "Turn to the Right," or of Henry Hull in "The Man Who Came Back," or of Otto Kruger in "Captain Kidd, Jr.," or any of the plays in which youth is the dominating feature, would require a stretch of the imagination which our audiences of to-day are not given to.

A GLANCE over the list of names of actors who have already offered their services to their country will disclose the fact that the list is nearly entirely made up of our juvenile men. The question of the actor may be more serious than the question of a play.

During the years of 1863 and '64, when the war between the States was at its height, the people, recovering in a measure from the strain under which they had been laboring, began to seek for recreation and the result was that the theatres were taxed to their capacity in an endeavor to cater to the increasing demand for diversion. In fact business was so good that it seemed to have affected both managers and actors with the "big head," reaching such a point that the press of the time advocated audiences hissing the performers, to bring them to a realizing sense of their obligation to the public.

While there was no lack of actors during the War of the Rebellion for managers to select their casts from, the stage was well represented in the fighting lines at the front. Many of the prominent members of the profession were among the first to volunteer their services, winning merited promotion on the field of battle for their valor. D. H. Harkins raised a company of cavalry and was made a major, participating with his command in many of the important engagements. G. L. Fox, the once famous pantomimist, was a lieutenant of the 8th Regiment of New York, and participated in the Battle of Buil Run. Nathaniel P. Banks, rose to the rank of general. Robert McWade, father of the present actor of that name, rose from the rank of private to that of an officer, receiving his commission for meritorious conduct. James E. Murdoch, one of the most famous actors of his day, at the age of forty-nine, followed his son in offering his services to his country, announcing his determination never to appear upon the stage again until the Rebellion was overcome. George Wallack, a member of the famous Wallack family of actors, added more glory to the family name by his bravery. Thomas J. Herndan, W. J. Fleming, William Harris, George Beach and F. B. Boudinat were well-known members of the profession who volunteered in the service of the nation. Pauline Cushman, a sister of the famous actress, Charlotte Cushman, and herself an actress of merit, attained the rank of major for her services as scout and spy in aid of the Union Army.

Press Ill.

MAJOR REGINALD BARLOW

The well-known actor seen recently in "Old Lady 31," and now a Major in the United States Army

AT this period in the history of New York, there were some twenty-odd places of amusement of the first class, while numerous halls housing what might be termed the forerunner of the "cabaret" of to-day, enticed the "tired business man" to enter and forget his worries. No charge for admission was made to these places, but once inside the visitor had to pay well. "Lady waiters," as they were termed, served liquid and other refreshments at prices that compare favorably with the present high cost of living extant in the "halls" of to-day. A small stage occupied the rear of the saloon where so-called "talent" held forth, while the centre of the room was kept clear for those who desired to dance with the "lady" attendants. These resorts, or more properly speaking, "dives," were given the appellation of "concert halls," and occupied the basement of buildings adjacent to or in close proximity to the theatres. Their style of entertainment appealed strongly to the soldier and sailor who roamed Broadway, and to that element who looked for the "bright lights" of the town. An indignant public caused the police finally to take action and close them up.

The theatres were located in that district lying between Union Square and Ann Street, with the exception of the Bowery houses which were in a class and neighborhood by themselves.

First and farthest uptown came the Academy of Music on Fourteenth Street, where grand opera in Italian and German were given. Brignoli, the Caruso of his day, was the brightest particular star, dividing at times the applause of the audience with Clara Louise Kellogg, Mmes. Medora, Mazzolini, Bellini and Colletti. When the opera of "Fra Diavolo," with Brignoli and Medora in the cast was rendered, the attendance was so enormous the management was compelled to close the doors and hold them by main force to prevent their being broken down by the crowd endeavoring to obtain admittance. At the close of the season an extra matinée of "Faust" was given at which the admission price was placed at one dollar and no seats reserved. The police were called in to preserve order and hold back the crowd which completely blocked the street from curb to curb. During this season the management raised the prices and in an apology to the public in excuse of their action, claimed they were forced to do so by the demand of the employés for higher wages.

THE price for the best seats was placed at two dollars and a dollar seventy-five Family circle: seventy-five cents and gallery: thirty-five cents. It was in this building during these trying days that one of the greatest public functions ever held in this city took place —the ball and reception tendered the royal visitors from Russia. The cost of the affair was estimated as, dresses, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars; masculine apparel, fifty thousand dollars; jewelry, one million dollars; flowers, thirty thousand dollars; hair-dressing, two thousand dollars; suppers and wine, twenty thousand dollars; carriages, five thousand, and expense of the building, ten thousand dollars.

The leading theatre of those days was Wallack's, which stood on the northeast corner of Thirteenth Street and Broadway. Lester Wallack and his company, comprising Charles Fisher, John Gilbert, George Holland, W. R. Floyd, John Sefton, Mark Smith, Mary Gannon, Fanny Morant, Madeline Henriques, Ione Burke and Mrs. Hoey, were presenting the standard plays and the old comedies to capacity audiences. It was at this period that Wallack produced his own play, "Rosedale," which ran for over a hundred and twenty-five performances with seldom a vacant seat. The prices ranged from twenty-five cents to one dollar and during the run the receipts amounted to over ninety thousand dollars.

At the head of Bond Street stood the Winter Garden Theatre, where Edwin Booth with

FLORENCE NASH
As Sonia, the Russian immigrant, on her arrival in the Land of the Free

Photos White

A New York sweat-shop, where Sonia finds herself swallowed up in the vortex of New York commercialism

"THE LAND OF THE FREE" AT THE 48th STREET THEATRE

Lawrence Barrett as a member of his company was presenting Shakespeare's plays. On the stage of this theatre two of the most notable dramatic events of the time took place, when in November, 1864, the three brothers Edwin, Junius Brutus, and James Wilkes took part in a performance of "Julius Caesar" which attracted an audience numbering some two thousand, followed shortly afterwards by Edwin Booth's hundred-night run in "Hamlet." At this theatre, following Mr. Booth, came the Florences in their long run of "The Ticket of Leave Man."

Farther down the great thoroughfare on the north side just below Bleecker Street, was the Olympic Theatre, originally known as Laura Keene's, but at this period under the direction of Mrs. John Wood, who was providing acceptable and popular entertainment of farce, burletta and comedy with a company that contained the names of many of the most notable and talented actors of the day. Here Augustin Daly made his début as a playwright, as did A. Oakey Hall, the then District Attorney of New York. Sir Charles Wyndham, having served the time for which he had volunteered in the Union Army, applied to Mrs. Wood for an engagement and was given rather an important part to study, which he did diligently night and day. His method of study, that of repeating a sentence over and over, proved his undoing. His first speech in the play began with the words, "drunk with enthusiasm," which he started to speak as he appeared on the stage. After uttering the the one word, "drunk," he could go no further, that one word reiterating itself in his mind. As he afterwards expressed it, "I stood staring vacantly at an audience filled with what Charles Dickens once called on 'unholy joy,'"

A block or two farther down Broadway was the finest and one of the most popular houses in the city. Niblo's Garden, which formed part of the building known as the Metropolitan Hotel, was the largest of the then existing theatres and was presenting the great stars of the day including Kate Bateman, Mme. Vestvali, Matilda Heron, Edwin Booth, Edwin Forrest (with John McCullough as a member of his company), Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, James H. Hackett and Daniel Bandmann. The plays given were, "Leah the Forsaken," "Hamlet," "Othello,'" "King Lear," "The Fool's Revenge" (produced for the first time), "Gamea or the Jewish Mother," "Falstaff," "Camille," and the Irish drama, "Connie Soogah." Drama and tragedy formed the bulk of the offerings at this theatre, interspersed with English opera by the Caroline Richings company, Italian opera in opposition to the forces farther uptown, and pantomime by the Revel family. In the same building that housed the theatre was a hall known as Niblo's Saloon, where performances given in French were attracting their share of patronage. It was in this hall and at this period that Lotta made her first appearance in New York, but failed to make any public impression.

At the corner of Broome Street stood a building famous for many years as the original home of the Wallack company. At this particular time it was known as the German Opera House and opera in German was being presented. Later on, a circus occupied its stage which in turn was succeeded by Mr. and Mrs. Waller in tragedy, John E. Owens in farce and F. S. Chanfrau in comedy.

If one followed the crowds going towards the lower part of the town, they would find the destination of the majority to be the building at the corner of Ann Street. From early morn till late at night Barnum's Museum was always crowded. The various curiosities, the animals and the lecture hall where Barnum's company presented the "moral" drama, were a source of constant delight to the never-ending stream of visitors. Notwithstanding the conflict raging between the North and South, New York was all worked up over the forthcoming marriage of General Tom Thumb and Miss Lavinia Warren. They were holding daily receptions at the Museum and Barnum was adroitly exciting the public mind in anticipation of the coming nuptials. Drama held a prominent place in the repertoire of the company and "The Ring of Fate," Raffle or the Reprobate," were the titles of some of the plays put forward to amuse in those strenuous days.

There are at present in Greater New York something like three hundred houses of entertainment of the first class, innumerable halls devoted to concerts and the like and more than twelve hundred moving picture houses. If we are really visited with the horrors of war close to our doors what will the effect be upon these numerous houses. But the principal point and one which may well cause managers to ponder over, is, given the play will the actor be available?

GRANT MITCHELL--- THE TAILOR-MADE MAN

By ADA PATTERSON

ENTER a young man, slightly below the medium height, of ruddy complexion and delicately chiselled features. A man of perhaps thirty-five years' experience with life, he is. His speech is rapid and incisive. He gives the impression of thinking before he speaks but he thinks and speaks faster than most men. He dresses remarkably well and wears his clothes with the air of one who, having chosen them well and put them on carefully, forgets them until removal time. Behold Grant Mitchell, latest risen star, the man who helped in great measure to create "The Tailor-Made Man."

The Rialto, by which term is known Broadway with its environs, a region of irregular boundary which includes habitual theatregoers, has been saying a great deal about Grant Mitchell. It is significant of the new star that no one refers to "Grant Mitchell's luck." On the contrary the comment begins with "He deserves it. He has earned it." From which may be inferred that Grant Mitchell has climbed the ladder of success rung by rung.

My memory, which includes a somewhat long and rather intimate knowledge of player folk, does not comprise more than one offer of a start on the stage that was declined by an actor hungry for it. Of that unique incident Grant Mitchell was the hero. Or perhaps it was Clyde Fitch. You may decide.

To the playwright a Western friend, a large figure in the world of finance said: "A boy from our town has been studying for the stage. Will you please give him a chance in one of your plays?"

"Certainly, if I can," was the answer, as prompt and amiable as though Mr. Fitch did not receive a dozen similar requests a day from thoughtless friends.

"I'll arrange for you to meet him." Easily said and easily done. But the boy from our town bethought him of all the demands that were probably made upon the long suffering kindness of their host. He bethought him again of the same condition when, two weeks later Mr. Fitch wrote saying: "There is a small part for you in the play I have written for Mary Mannering. You may play her brother in 'The Stubbornness of Geraldine.'" The reply astounded the playwright who lived in the World of Unexpected Things.

GRANT MITCHELL
Who is being featured in "The Tailor-Made Man"

"My dear Mr. Fitch:

"You are most kind. But I cannot accept an offer you feel under obligations to make as a courtesy to our common acquaintance. It could not have been made for any other reason because you do not know what I can do.

"After you have seen some effort of mine on the stage if you care to make me an offer I will be most happy to accept it.

Cordially yours,

"GRANT MITCHELL."

A year later the playwright saw a bit of juvenile comedy work done in a transient play. "Good work! Where have I seen that young man before?" He studied his programme. The name Grant Mitchell challenged his memory. "The boy from our home town," he said. After supper at Rector's he wrote the boy: "I have seen your performance. I offer you a good part with Clara Bloodgood in 'The Girl with the Green Eyes.'" Whereupon the young man, his dignity vindicated, his self-reliance established, accepted the rôle.

Mr. Mitchell is one of the small but growing number of college men on the stage. He is a Harvard man. Having been graduated from the University, he attended the Harvard Law School. There was no reason why he should not practice law. He comes of a family of lawyers. He opened an office and business came because of the honored legal name he bore, not because Grant Mitchell sought it.

But law proved distasteful and he essayed journalism for a brief time. Then one day he read an advertisement of a school of acting. That spirit in him which always rejoiced at a chance to "go to the theatre" clamored within him. After appearing in "The Girl with the Green Eyes," "The Mountain Climber," "Cousin Billy," and "The Fortune Hunter," he was seen last season in "It Pays to Advertise."

White

Pedro de Cordoba, Lenore Ulric, William Courtleigh, Thomas Findlay, Fuller Mellish, Calvin Thomas and Willard Mack

SCENE IN WILLARD MACK'S PLAY "TIGER ROSE" AT THE LYCEUM

Ernest Torrence

SCENE IN "FURS AND FRILLS," THE MUSICAL FARCE AT THE CASINO

THRILLS AND LAUGHTER IN NEW OFFERINGS

IN THE SPOTLIGHT

Floyd

TERESA MAXWELL-CONOVER

DELIVERING epigrams, with the due combination of force and subtlety, is one of the fine arts. Teresa Maxwell-Conover possesses it. Most of the smart, satiric speeches of "Saturday to Monday" fall to her. Mrs. Maxwell-Conover is an adept at portraying smart life, in part because she is an admirable actress, in equal part because she knows better than do most actresses, the segment of life she portrays. The power, overlaid by restraint, which she displays in the latest Winthrop Ames production, was learned in the Shakespearean school. She was of the Louis James company.

Fairchild

JEANNE EAGELS

SOMETHING new in adventuresses is the siren who draws Hamilton temporarily out of his orbit in the play of that name. Miss Eagels learned to be all things according to the part, in the severe training of a Western repertoire company. At fourteen she went on the stage and at fifteen was playing Parthenia in "Ingomar." Her education in being all things to all audiences was supplemented by a course in musical comedy. Versatility enabled her to leap at a bound from "The Crinoline Girl" to the name rôle of "Outcast." She is of the mixture of races that breeds talent, sometimes genius, being the offspring of an Irish mother and a Spanish father. She came out of Kansas City.

EDITH BARKER

AS Mother Carey emerges from the stage door after the performance of the play at the Cort you will see a smart, trig young woman scarcely turned thirty. It was but a short while ago Miss Barker was playing bewitching ingenues. She compassed the gamut between E. H. Sothern's repertoire and "The Village Postmaster." She evolved into the leading woman with Richard Mansfield in "A Parisian Romance." It was not accumulating years but the accident of Henry Miller's discovery of a quality of extreme gentleness in her that earned her distinction as a "mother." She became a stage mother in "The Rainbow."

EDWARD ELLIS

VILLAINS, by all the traditions, come furtively upon the boards. Edward Ellis's Handsome Harry, in "The Scrap of Paper," trips gaily into an office as into the first figure of a *"Paul Jones."* A veteran Lamb said that Edward Ellis's performance of the part is a lesson in acting to any player. Mr. Ellis has been on the stage since he was four years old. Conjecture is not forbidden. He has played sinister Blackie Daw in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" and the Christ in "Russia," and a few hundred rôles between these antipodes of the drama.

White

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

EMPIRE. "RAMBLER ROSE." Musical comedy in three acts. Music by Victor Jacobi, book by Harry B. Smith. Produced on September 10, with this cast:

Rosamond Lee	Julia Sanderson
Joseph Guppy	Joseph Cawthorn
Gerald Morton	Walter Smith
Marcel Petipas	Stewart Baird
Timothy Briggs	George E. Mack
Willis	George Egan
A Farmer's Boy	W. H. Bentley
Angele	Ada Meade
Lady Cloverdale	Kate Sergeantson
Claire	Ethel Boyd
Blanche	Doris Predo
Dora	Wilma Walton
Tita	Gladys Siddons

"RAMBLER ROSE," a pretty title that extends a cordial invitation to visit the box-office. Roses ramble over the walls of the house in which Rose (Julia Sanderson) lives and ramble over the walls that enclose innocence. Through the gate of the protecting wall presently Impudence, in the person of Mr. Guppy, (Joseph Cawthorn), is to enter.

The story is made up of Innocence and Impudence. Guppy must marry within twenty-four hours, before the arrival of his rich, unknown uncle from Brazil, and the girl selected, no other than our Rose, is in love with another young man, who, if not as impudent as Guppy, is much better looking. Guppy is not good looking; his age is indeterminate,—he is young enough, but he is just Guppy.

Cawthorn in this character is amusing beyond dispute. A comedian's comicality, it sometimes happens, is a subject of even violent controversy. There can be none here. Joseph Cawthorn lacks polish and disdains grace, but he is a maker of merriment. He brings his laughter with him and does not delay to unpack. He is not to be praised as extraordinary or accomplished beyond other comedians; he is just plain funny—at all events in "Rambler Rose."

Much of this humor has to do with the story, but more with talk, a great part of which, no doubt, has been provided by Harry B. Smith or some other Smith.. Mr. Cawthorn reaches his highest point somewhere in the play with a song (or rather a recitative) entitled *"Poor Little Rich Girl's Dog."* The comedian will hardly, in his entire career, achieve anything else more applausive.

It would require skill to disentangle the story of "Rambler Rose" from the dances and the personal features of the performance and to give an intelligent account of it here. The play upon which the opera was based came originally from France and, in its English form, helped Billie Burke to popularity in those days when she smiled from the stage care-free and pouted petulantly. Julia Sanderson, unemphatic as Rose, the character, is emphatic as herself, and has a lightness of movement (without much to move) that is a high form of dancing in itself. Miss Ada Meade, who was let loose in the second act, proved to have voice, vigor and animation. She deserves to be cherished.

Except for the three mentioned, "Rambler Rose" is the usual comic opera with its appeal to the eye and the lighter emotions.

KNICKERBOCKER. "HAMILTON." Play in four acts by Mary Hamlin and George Arliss. Produced on September 17, with this cast:

Alexander Hamilton	George Arliss
Thomas Jefferson	Carl Anthony
James Monroe	Hardee Kirkland
William B. Giles	John D. Ravold
Gen. Philip Schuyler	George Woodward
Count Talleyrand	Guy Favieres
James Reynolds	Pell Trenton
Zekial	James O. Barrow
Chief Justice John Jay	Wilson Day
Colonel Lear	Harry Maitland
Citizen	C. M. van Clief
Betsy Hamilton	Mrs. Arliss
Angelica Church	Marion Barney
Mrs. Reynolds	Jeanne Eagels
Melissa	Katharine Hayden
Mrs. Zachary Whalen	Gillian Scaife

THE qualities of Mrs. Hamlin and of Mr. Arliss, as seen in their work together on "Hamilton," the new play in use by Mr. Arliss, are distinct and different, the one being more natural in attitude toward the drama, the other being more artificial.

The conjunction provides a play of extraordinary merit and effectiveness in much of its substance and form.

To reproduce the atmosphere, the circumstances and the figures of the Revolutionary period is a formidable undertaking, largely made so from the unspeakable shortcomings of most plays that have been sought to be obtained from our great storehouse of historical material. Most of them have been historical rather than human.

"Hamilton," with some betterments in the expression of internal character, particularly in the acting, would have permanent value. It has uncommon value now. It holds the interest. The characters live.

In the intrigue against and differences of political opinion with Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, Count Talleyrand, Gen. Schuyler, Chief Justice Jay, William B. Giles and others are involved. The women supply the domestic or social side; it might even be said the human side, for the story turns on an affair that Hamilton had with Mrs. Reynolds who was employed to destroy his public usefulness by luring him into a temporary relation which would ruin his private character.

Jeanne Eagels, in playing the instrument of this design, was curiously appealing. As a bit of professional work it was altogether the best in the performance.

The characterizations in the play, however, were generally so good as to, alone, make the play worth seeing,—Anthony as Jefferson, Kirkland as Monroe, Trenton as Reynolds. To make criticism of small deficiencies would be to rob one's self of that satisfaction that the acting really affords. Marion Barney, as Angelica, the sister of Betsy Hamilton, with her breeziness and naturalness, more than pays off the score of some of the others. Mrs. Arliss was Betsy Hamilton.

Mr. Arliss was Hamilton. He shone in the details of stage management. Hamilton sacrifices his private character and domestic happiness to save the political situation.

Betsy's opinion in the matter might furnish another play.

48TH STREET. "OVER THE 'PHONE." Comedy in three acts by George Broadhurst, founded on the Hungarian of Imre Foldes. Produced on September 12, with this cast:

The Artist	Henry Kolker
His Friend	Will Deming
Man Servant	W. J. Ferguson
The Telephone Man	Earle Mitchell
The Stepfather	J. R. Armstrong
The Janitor	Adin B. Wilson
The Porter	Benjamin Hilden
A Girl	Alma Belwin
Another Girl	Marion Vantine

FROM what we see and read of their lucubrations, I think that we may safely say that the Austro-Hungarian playwrights show more novel imaginativeness and psychological insight of character than any body of authors now writing for the stage. Schnitzler, for example, is quite marvelous in his analysis of the human soul.

"Over the 'Phone" is of Hungarian origin. An impressionable artist falls in love with a voice over the 'phone. The ingenious young woman who owns it, by a ruse visits his apartment. A delicate situation which leads to complications. The play, however, failed to please and the run was brief.

CRITERION. "THE SCRAP OF PAPER." Melodrama in three acts by Owen Davis and Arthur Somers Roche. Produced on September 17, with this cast:

Robert Blaisdell	Russ Whytal
Daniel Cardigan	David Glassford
Martin Masterman	Robert Hilliard
Terrance Greenham	Robert Strange
Higgins	Edwin Holland
Dixon Grant	H. Dudley Hawley
Connors	John J. Pierson
"Handsome Harry"	Edward Ellis
Kirby Rowland	Carroll McComas
Tom Hanrahan	Frederick Hand
Jessie Sigmund	Vida Reed
Miss Small	Ruth Donnelly
Henry	J. Fred Holloway
Nelson	Harold Hartsell
Laurel Masterman	Margalo Gillmore

IT is funny sometimes, how actors deceive themselves. It is safe to say that when Robert Hilliard agreed to star in "The Scrap of Paper" he was under the firm conviction that Martin Masterman was the stellar rôle. By this time he has probably learned to the contrary.

The fat of the piece is in the character of "Handsome Harry" Mack, an international crook and Edward Ellis fairly eats it up, forcing Hilliard to content himself with an exhibition of overpowering commercial genius in the first act and an outburst of contrition and paternal love in the final scene. *Inter media* he is a "feeder."

Owen Davis, who got his inspiration from a story by Arthur Somers Roche, has gone back to the first principles of melodramatic construction. Movement, action and situation are the essentials, words are subservient, subtlety and probability unnecessary. The result is a good old-timer with some capital scenes of stirring moment and an equal number of those that only fill up.

Masterman and two business associates enter into a conspiracy to corner the resources of the country and sign a contract to hold together in their nefarious plan. The paper blows out of the window. Consternation on the part of the predatory plutocrats, who are prepared to offer all kinds of money for its recovery. Its passage from hand to hand, some criminal, some altruistic, lead to scenes ingenious and dramatic. When it is finally recovered Masterman finds that his only daughter, appalled at its enormity, is stricken to the verge of death. So he abandons his wicked scheme, the daughter recovers, the altruistic proletariat is satisfied and so is the crook who makes by the operation the tidy sum of $200,000.

Hilliard looks his part and acts it with his accustomed force and skill. Ellis as the crook is admirably droll, Carroll McComas as the sociological reformer is pretty, Robert Strange is forceful as a detective and Hilliard's two business associates, as portrayed by Russ Whytal and Daivd Glassford, are really convincing. A slangy switchboard operator is played to the life by Ruth Donnelly.

COMEDY. "THE FAMILY EXIT." Farcical comedy in three acts by Lawrence Langner. Produced on September 19, with this cast:

Rutherford Rutherford-Vandusen,	Edwin Forsberg
Mike O'Rourke	Frank E. Jamison
Martha Rutherford-Vandusen,	Alberta Gallatin
Cornelius	James Dyrenforth
Eugenia	Frances Ross
Peter Rutherford-Vandusen,	David Higgins
Elise	Alethea Luce
Evelyn de Gascoigne	Betty Ross-Clarke
Gaston Dupres	Winthrop Chamberlain
Cousin Alice	Elizabeth Patterson
Cousin Susan	Kate Morgan
Mary	Helen Edwards
Waldo	Frank Longacre
Ellen Sullivan	Jean Robb

IT isn't every one who can defy convention and get away with it. The modern playwright can in spots be as daring as he likes but his entire scheme work must not be too revolutionary.

That was the trouble, I think, with "The Family Exit," recently presented at the Comedy. Lawrence Langner, with an uncompromising fidelity to the truth carried through his hypothesis to a conclusion which though at all times amusing must have displeased a very considerable conventional public. His dialogue was exceptionally crisp, pertinent and witty but it was all at the expense of accepted traditions. Shaw is not a model who can be followed with impunity.

Peter Vandusen was a middle-aged New Yorker who had lived abroad for twenty years to escape his relatives. When he returned to this country with his cook he found himself held up at Ellis Island for violation of our moral laws. His marriage and subsequent divorce to overcome the inconveniences of his own and her family formed the basis of some very amusing situations.

David Higgins was Peter and by his dry, quiet methods made him a most agreeable personage. The quiet middle-aged cook was sweetly presented by Alethea Luce while a professional co-respondent was snappily acted by Betty Ross-Clarke.

Frank E. Jamison was excellent as a nondescript butler while at least five of the relatives were acted with nice skill and humor by Edwin Forsberg, Albert Gallatin, Winthrop Chamberlain, Elizabeth Patterson and Kate Morgan.

MOROSCO. "LOMBARDI, LTD." Comedy in three acts by Frederic and Fanny Hatton. Produced on September 24, with this cast:

Yvette	Judy Harris
Muriel	Winifred Bryson
Daisy	Grace Valentine
James Hodgkins	Hallam Bosworth
An Expressman	Percival Vivian
Tito Lombardi	Leo Carillo
Norah Blake	Janet Dunbar
Phyllis Manning	Sue MacManamy
Millie McNeal	Marion Abbott
Robert Tarrant	Charles Hammond
Lida Moore	Maude Gilbert
Riccardo Tosello	Warner Baxter
Max Strohn	Harold Russell
Miss Curran	Carrington North
An Errand Girl	Mary Robinson
Mrs. Warrington Brown	Ina Rorke
Eloise	Ruth Terry

IN the matter of the drama I'm afraid I'm getting too sophisticated. Ten minutes after the curtain had been up on "Lombardi, Ltd." I had guessed the plot and how it would eventually work out. I'll admit there were some side excursions that I couldn't foresee, and some of these I liked and some I almost deplored.

Tito Lombardi, a dear, sweet Italian, was the head of a big fashionable dressmaking establishment. His devotion to his art was superior to his business sense and before long failure stared him in the face. For a wanton show-girl he entertained a chivalrously pure devotion, quixotic in its simplicity. Then there

was a devoted shop assistant—yes, she loved him like Viola, mutely. Well, the duplicity of the chorus girl was shown up, the dressmaking business, thro' the devotion of the employés and help from an unexpected quarter was saved and Tito married his Twelfth Night, Norah Blake.

Just a shade conventional but tinctured with some snappy sidelights on the business that the Hattons, Frederic and Fanny avouch have been truly writ in the book of life.

Leo Carillo, now raised to the stellar rank, was a buoyantly graceful and valuable Tito. There was a lot of him, but if he did not quite convince in his sentimental moods his personable and likeable qualities stood valiantly forth. Norah was sweetly acted by Janet Dunbar and Harold Russell impersonated a "con showman" with fine spirit. Ina Rorke was amusing as an exacting customer and a young "Vermicelli King," who eventually married a model, was engagingly vicarious, as presented by Warner Baxter.

The aforesaid model, yclept Daisy, became a real character in the hands of Grace Valentine. It was to be regretted though that some of her lines were so appallingly raw. The naked truth sometimes needs a fig-leaf. The minor characters were acted with exceptional skill by a large company.

FULTON. "BRANDED." Drama in four acts by Oliver D. Bailey. Produced on September 24, with this cast:

Miss Nancy	Martha Boucher
Miss Vivian	Hazel Sexton
Miss Betty	Helen Saxe
Miss Maisie	Edwyna Boyd
Miss June	Suzette Gordon
Miss Pearl	Ruth Van
Miss Wier	Caroline Lee
Ruth Belmar—(Barrow),	Christine Norman
"Billy" Pitman	Dwight A. Meade
William Pitman, Sr.	Walter Craven
Professor Spettigue	Jack B. Hollis
Dolly "Dot" Belmar	Blanche Moulton
"Velvet" Kraft	Geoffrey Stein
Officer Merrill	Guy Hitner
Amos	G. Lester Paul
Douglas Courtney, Sr.,	Frank MacDonald
Mrs. Courtney, Sr.	Jennie Ellison
Douglas Courtney, Jr.,	A. H. Van Buren
"Silver"	John F. Webber
Roselinda	Dorothy Burton
Dora	Agnes Findlay
Tony	H. H. McCollum
Officer Boyle	T. Gunn

WERE it not so childishly crude, so fiercely improbable, Oliver D. Bailey's drama recently at the Fulton might easily be classed as vicious. Harking back to those days when white slavery was a universal dramatic theme, Mr. Bailey drags out of a well-deserved oblivion some of the high lights of that detestable condition.

The heroine is the child of a "Mrs. Warren." The rigorous fate which enmeshes her in her endeavors to escape from the obloquy of such a mother is pictured with an emphatic brutality that would be highly unpleasant if it were presented with any skill or sincerity. As it is, "Branded" was cheap, fulsome, mawkishly sentimental, coarse, vulgar and impossible. A schoolgirl in the first act, a young mother in the second, a dope fiend in the third act Ruth Belmar is a character that would tax the resources of a much more experienced player than is Miss Christine Norman.

Geoffrey Stein gave a rather novel touch to the rôle of a pander and all the vulgarity and depravity of the heroine's detestable mother were presented with unflinching fidelity by Blanche Moulton. As a young husband with a shaken faith A. H. Van Buren was sincere and manly while a policeman with a heart was deftly sketched by Guy Hitner.

COHAN. "HERE COMES THE BRIDE." Play in three acts by Max Marcin and Roy Atwell. Produced on September 25 with this cast:

Thomas Ashley	Albert Reed
James Carlton	Franklyn Ardell
Nora Sinclair	Mildred Booth
Robert Sinclair	William Holden
Ethel Sinclair	Francine Larrimore
Mooney	Thomas Meegan
Frederick Tile	Otto Kruger
Thurlow Benson	George Parsons
Roberto Servier	Walter Fenner
Maria Tile	Jean Shelby
License Clerk	Kenneth Keith
Judge Huselton	Frank Walsh
The Bride	Maude Eburne
Hawkins	William Lennox
de Puy Almonte d' Alvarez,	Mario Majeroni

HERE COMES THE BRIDE," compounded in the workshop, is as effervescing and sparkling as if it bubbled up from natural sources. To tell of it is to taste of its flatness.

That an impecunious young man, unable to marry, without money, the girl of his choice, should yield to the temptation of a bribe of a hundred thousand dollars to go through the wedding ceremony with a veiled female person whose visage is a terror when unveiled, would not seem amusing either in theory or in fact. The idea is not of an effervescent kind at any moment. Yet the danger of having to stand by such a contract, along with resultant complications, does provide a certain amount of shop-made humor.

You are held by the extraordinary animation of the characters, and forget the flatness of the medium. You are beguiled by the craftiness of the authors and you are entertained by very clever actors. You laugh heartily. There is something to laugh at. Applaud? Hardly. There is nothing to applaud—except individual cleverness and naturalness.

An infinite deal of fun is had in transacting the bargain about the money. Mr. Otto Kruger, in this way, beginning, as it were, with a shoestring, builds up something worth the while. Then Mr. Kruger puts up at a stylish hotel, the room opposite his being occupied by the real girl of his heart.

An encounter in the dark, lights up, excitement, confusion, pajamas, an irruption of people from the four quarters of the plot, the veiled bride of the terrible aspect, and finally the subsidence of all the effervescence. In some way the daring youth gets rid of the wrong bride and retains his honorarium. Francine Larrimore acted the charming right girl in night dress (and day dress as well); while the wrong girl, the opposite, the hideous, was done by Miss Eburne, whose drollery with affected awkwardness and ugliness is known as a valuable asset in farce.

C O R T. "MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS." Comedy in three acts by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Rachel Crothers from the book by Kate Douglas Wiggin. Produced on September 25, with this cast:

Ossian Popham	Wallace Owen
Gilbert Carey	Lorin Raker
Nancy Carey	Edith Taliaferro
Mother Carey	Edith Barker
Kathleen	Doris Eaton
Peter	Charles Eaton
Cousin Ann Chadwick	Marie L. Day
Julia Carey	Mabel Acker
Mrs. Ossian Popham	Ursula Elsworth
Lallie Joy Popham	Helen Marqua
Ralph Thurston	Robert Glecker
Cyril Lord	Stuart Fox
Tom Hamilton	Thomas Carrigan
Henry Lord, Ph.D.	Wilson Reynolds

SOMETIMES a thing is most easily defined by saying that it is not something else and the "twitter" play of which "Esmeralda" (not to go farther back), "Little Women," "Young America," and the current illustration "Mother Carey's Chickens" may be summarily dismissed by the negation that they are not plays at all.

In other words pieces of this kind, although they frequently reach the stage absolutely fail to meet its demands. It is not pleasant to generalize thus since the aim of the writers of these twitters is so laudable. They wish to offer something clean and sweet, they would like to

teach an indiscriminate audience that Life is Love and Cheer and Hope. It is a charming lesson but it cannot be taught in the theatre except by indirection. That powerful influence is exerted on men by means of violent contrast, its effects have been and always will be obtained by the use of the Big Brush. The theatre is not life but something better or worse.

When the curtain rose on Wallace Owen as Ossian Popham (and very good was he) singing *"There is a Better Land"* in the first act of this new play by Mrs. Wiggin from Mrs. Wiggin's book the audience knew what it was in for,—a piece that belongs on the improvised stage of a Sunday School and in the hands of amateurs. I knew, too, that it would not be called on either to laugh or to cry. And the audience politely did neither.

There are a couple of Rachel Crothers' characters in the cast but nothing besides to show that she was concerned in its production. Certainly she counted for nothing in the direction for this author realizes the value of speed in a play and especially in an inactive piece.

The members of a fair cast did what they could with it but it will fare better with amateurs.

BROADHURST. "MISALLIANCE," by Bernard Shaw. Produced on September 27, with this cast:

John Tarleton	Maclyn Arbuckle
Lina Szczepanowska	Katharine Kaelred
Hypatia	Elisabeth Risdon
Mrs. Tarleton	Mrs. Edmund Gurney
The Aviator	Warburton Gamble
Lord Summerhays	George Fitzgerald
Johnny Tarleton	Frederick Lloyd
Bentley Summerhays	Philip Leigh
Gunner	Malcolm Morley

THE English really never did stand for G. B. S. He told them too many unpleasant truths about themselves. When he dipped into war criticism the brilliant Shaw suffered a still further eclipse.

The spirit seems to have reached, in a measure, this country, judging from the reviews of my critical brethren on his "Misalliance," recently produced at the new Broadhurst, a very beautiful, comfortable and artistically-planned playhouse.

Yet how absurd it is to cavil at his output. His worst is so immeasurably superior to the trivial puerile trash that occupies so many boards, that I should think "the chain gang" would rejoice at an evening spent under the Shavian spirit.

It goes without saying that Shaw of late defies still more the traditions attaching to the well-made play. What matters the form, however, if the story is there and that too punctuated with scintillant wit and slashing epigram? Whether you agree with Chesterton that Shaw is one of the most sincere reformers extant or find in him only a buffoon prostituting his philosophy for the sake of a laugh the fact remains that any one who takes his gray matter with him to a Shavian production will have it exercised and thoroughly entertained.

"Misalliance" is sheer fantastic farce, but shot through with flashes of illuminative detail on the questions of parent and child, morals, sociology and political economy. Whether you want it or not beneath all the fun certain indisputable truths are being forced home upon you.

I shall not attempt to retail the plot fantastic and preposterous, almost, as it is. In the main it is the conflict between untrammeled youth and contentious and opiniated age. Youth shall be served and so it works out.

Produced under the management and direction of William Faversham it stamps that actor as a man of artistic judgment and indubitable taste.

It is a splendid company which he has assembled, it is an admirable scenic equipment with which he has invested the play. Maclyn Arbuckle plays John Tarleton, one of those egotistical middle-class Britishers that Shaw paints with such fine verisimilitude. Arbuckle perfectly realizes it mentally and physically. His impulsive daring daughter is a creature of sterling vitality, charm and humor at the hands of Elisabeth Risdon, while the Polish aviatrice, with her joy of living is most picturesquely personated by Katharine Kaelred. The hysterical Bentley Summerhays, the cock-sure Johnny Tarleton and the firmly-poised Percival are deftly interpreted by Philip Leigh, Frederick Lloyd and Warburton Gamble.

The humanity of Mrs. Tarleton and the polished contentment of Lord Summerhays are equally admirable as acted by Mrs. Edmund Gurney and George Fitzgerald, while as the down-trodden but emotional enthusiast gunner, Malcolm Morley gives a sketch of vital value, a wonderful blend of comedy and pathos. To me "Misalliance" is a sheer delight.

BIJOU. "SATURDAY TO MONDAY." Play in four acts by William J. Hurlbut, suggested by a story by Jessie Leach Rector. Produced on October 1, with this cast:

Mrs. Ercoll	Teresa Maxwell-Conover
Mrs. McVey	Eleanor Hutchison
Lucy Delaney	Constance Binney
Arthur Barnard	Cecil Yapp
Foxcroft Grey	Norman Trevor
Susanne	Ruth Maycliffe
McCauley	Charles F. McCarthy
Charlie Hamilton	Saxon Kling
Dot Carrington	Eva Le Gallienne
Mrs. Entwhistle	Marie Haynes
Mary	Elizabeth Brown

ONCE more an effort at an American comedy of manners has been shipwrecked on the treacherous shoals of farce. In W. J. Hurlbut's "Saturday to Monday," which Mr. Ames so delightfully produced at the Bijou, the farce—two acts of it—is sandwiched in between the comedy.

The piece opens effervescently, with Teresa Maxwell-Conover shedding Wildeian epigrams profusely and pleasantly. She has a daughter, Ruth Maycliffe, who has had a stultifying matrimonial experience with a jealous husband named Rollo. As a result, daughter has become a soap-box feminist, unwilling to yield to her love for the amiable Norman Trevor.

That gentleman, however, growing importunate, daughter hits upon the idea of a contract marriage which shall be binding only at week-ends. Four days of each week both shall be absolutely free. So far, so good—for comedy of manners.

Then comes the farce. Ruth spends the first week-end with Norman. As she is leaving for liberty suspicious things happen. She returns abruptly to find a youthful anti-suffragist lady in the apartment. Wife gets promptly jealous and decides to make hubby likewise by visiting a harmless playwright late at night and sending an anonymous telegram to hubby, bidding him visit the playwright at the same hour.

Nothing comes of all this but climbing in and out of fire-escape windows, trapping a janitor who later carries Miss Maycliffe, kicking and squealing out of bachelors' chambers, and more silliness in the playwright's bungalow, which would be unbearable but for the skilful caricaturing furnished by Cecil Yapp.

The last act, which brings back Mrs. Conover and comedy, is decidedly appealing. The week-end wife breaks the contract and is only too glad to become a regular seven-day wife.

Mr. Trevor, Miss Maycliffe, Miss Le Gallienne, and Miss Haynes, in addition to those already named, give nearly perfect performances.

As farce "Saturday to Monday" is incredible burlesque. As comedy

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Photos White

JEANNE EAGELS AND GEORGE ARLISS IN "HAMILTON" AT THE KNICKERBOCKER

© Chas. Frohman, Inc.

JOSEPH CAWTHORN AND JULIA SANDERSON IN "RAMBLER ROSE" AT THE EMPIRE

ELIZABETH PATTERSON, DAVID HIGGINS AND KATE MORGAN IN "THE FAMILY EXIT"

LEO CARILLO AND GRACE VALENTINE IN "LOMBARDI, LTD." AT THE MOROSCO

PLAYS THAT PLEASE BROADWAY

STAGE WOMEN DOING THEIR BIT

By HELEN TEN BROECK

WHEN the arms of France turned back the barbaric wave that threatened to submerge that beloved country in deep seas of Prussian savagery, we all blessed the valor of the French, but told ourselves that back of that desperate effort was no real stamina, no fibre, no national vertebrae; that the fighting qualities of France lacked staying power and would yield after the first brave rally to the stolid irresistible onslaught of German arms. We all said it; America as one voice, you and I as trembling individuals, praying against prayer, hoping against hope for the final triumph of France through the aid of her allies. How magnificently the world was mistaken has been proven by the flint-and-fire stamina which has won continuous and bitterly contested victories for French arms, and has been spurred to fresh courage and conquest.

In a smaller sense we said the same slighting thing of the staying qualities of the American actress when the Stage Women's War Relief Association sprung into being less than a year ago. Managers and friends of the profession and some actors and actresses themselves declared that it was fine of our girls to think of this splendid thing, but of course when they were confronted with the colorless grind of continued hard work with no possible chance of great newspaper "notices," the spirits of the group of workers would droop and their enthusiasm and activity die in the trenches "somewhere on Fifth Avenue."

AGAIN prophecy failed. To-day at the rooms of the Stage Women's War Relief the work born of the example of Minnie Dupree and the energies of Rachel Crothers and her associates is going along like a sweeping river of help and healing that carries splendid freights of relief to various war fronts and base hospitals "out there."

Big actresses and little actresses, stars whose brilliance has long brightly illuminated the dramatic horizon, and young players whose names you have never heard, perhaps, sit side by side through all the daylight hours, working in gray November with the same creative and executive enthusiasm which marked the first fine burst of enthusiasm with which Miss Crothers' idea was hailed and put into execution in the early Spring.

For to Rachel Crothers, president of the Stage Women's War Relief, is due the honor of the actual launching of this great work. It happened this way. Miss Minnie Dupree, star of "The Road to Yesterday," headliner in vaudeville, and well-known actress of leading comedy and ingénue rôles, had joined the Red Cross forces at the first call for workers, at its New York branches, and by two years of unremitting service had not only won her duly certified credentials as an official "instructor in surgical dressings," but had accomplished a wider work in interesting sister actresses in the same high cause. Then, too, many stage women were independently working wherever they found an outlet for their activities in the many-sided phases of war relief work.

TO co-ordinate and stabilize all these energies, to render effective the least and the greatest activities of actresses in this task of humane ministry, Miss Crothers suggested the formation of an organization of stage women "on their own," to work with the far-reaching national movements of relief, and do their bit to make the world safe for democracy.

Immediately the whole profession sprang to the colors, and the Stage Women's War Relief was an accomplished fact. To-day there is no busier and no more efficient hive of industry in all the buzzing centres of war work than the headquarters at 366 Fifth Avenue where from nine until four daily stage women fill every bench and table and sit at the self-imposed task of making dressings, comfort kits, clothing for war babies and war widows and war wounded —knitting, sewing, fashioning comforts for the living and tender wrappings for the dead. Great actresses and lesser ones united in a common work of mercy, joining hands in a loving sisterhood of service with no thought of personal gain or glory.

Beals

From nine a.m. till four p.m. daily the women of the stage toil on their merciful self-appointed task for the boys in France

JULIA MARLOWE and Frances Starr, Mrs. Henry Miller, Ethel Barrymore, Mrs. Fiske, Margaret Anglin, Blanche Bates and Laurette Taylor, Louise Closser Hale, Margaret Mayo, Dorothy Donnelly and many other stage women whose names you have been accustomed to see in glittering electric lights on Broadway, have sat here, day after day, patiently learning to cut and fold the bandages for sterilized dressings that must be "just so" to pass Miss Dupree's certificated and highly critical eye; humbly doing over and over again the tiresome cutting and folding until perfection, which is the standard of the Stage Women's War Relief, is attained. Side by side have worked with equal patience hundreds of talented girls whom fame has failed to lead to such heights as their stage sisters, all determined that the profession they represent shall not fall behind any other in the magnitude or the perfection of its work. As a result, no better hospital supplies have been received at the front than those which bear the stamp of Miss Dupree's inspection. Official praise in documentary form has reached the rooms over and over again to spur the girls to continued endeavor. More than 100,000 perfect surgical dressings alone have been shipped or stored for shipping since the organization began its work, while other hospital supplies, with comfort kits, sweaters, helmets, garments for war refugees and for wounded fighters, cushions, drains, and every manner of handiwork for helpfulness have found their way directly and through Red Cross and other channels to Italy, France, Belgium, Serbia, Roumania and Russia. Members of the Twelfth Night Club who are also War Relief girls have resolved themselves into a "jam committee" and more than four thousand pounds of fruit jams and jellies are ready to go to the hospitals where they are needed on call.

THE perfervid heat of summer, and the rest which actresses find so dear between seasons failed to interrupt the well-adjusted work of the Association. And through the heated term the click of knitting needles, the snip-snip of scissors, the click-click of larger shears and the happy hum of voices was heard at 33 Fifth Avenue, and at Siasconsett (the summer official capital of Stageland). Percy Haswell, Mrs. Walter Sanford, Mrs. Sydney Armstrong Smyth, Isabelle Irving, Mrs. Henry Miller and many others well known to the footlights worked for the Association with energy that wilted not and enthusiasm that no heat could wither. As a result, while surgical dressings by tens of thousands were piling up in the Fifth Avenue work-rooms, sweaters (thirty-four of them), socks and helmets in formidable stacks, and other relief supplies were turned out at 'Sconset, while a War Relief sale under the auspices of the same group netted one hundred and fifty dollars—and a hundred and fifty dollars, let me tell you, goes quite a way in the purchase of raw material for these busy hands.

Of course, the little sisters of the screen are not forgotten in this work. Six ambulances fully fitted and furnished for war work, comprise the splendid dream of Mrs. J. Stuart Blackton who is chairman of the (*Concluded on page* 308

Architect—James Brown Lord *Photos M. E. Hewitt*

"Drop in at Kyalami" is John Drew's gracious bidding to one of his neighbors of the limousine colony in the east half of Long Island. John Drew's invitations are always accepted. Accordingly a large, compactly built house, much veranded and many windowed, of weather stained shingles with green centers, at Easthampton, is often surrounded by forty limousines on a Sunday. Kyalami is no

roadhouse, nor smart inn. It is the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Drew. Its name is a Kaffir word, meaning "The place where we live." Mrs. Drew, who before her marriage was Miss Josephine Baker, a young comedienne, is a hospitable hostess. A feature of the home is the manifest love of color of its occupants. The living room is in red, the library in green, the dining room in blue.

KYALAMI, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. & MRS. JOHN DREW AT EASTHAMPTON, L. I.

THE ART OF ADAPTING PLAYS

By GEORGE M. COHAN

THE two had evidently just finished a matinée,—and they were discussing the production as they boarded a northbound Broadway car.

"It really was good, wasn't it?" the blonde one asked earnestly, "and yet I refused three invitations to see that show before you asked me."

"You flatter me," laughed the lady in sables, "but why?"

"Well, you see, I was just crazy about the book,—and you know what most plays made from books are like."

Her friend nodded.

"Of course this one wasn't perfect,—but honestly, it did seem as if the characters of the book were really living, up there on the stage, —didn't you think so?"

An incoming crowd swept me away from the door and the conversation, which promised to be interesting, for as an adapter of several short stories and books that have had fortune enough to become Broadway successes, I was curious as to the further non-professional analysis as to what made the adapted play they had just seen so much better than the others—that is, in addition to the fact that the characters of the book truly lived in their stage representation.

And now,—looking back to that conversation, I wonder if to that very attribute, the vitality of the characters, is not due about sixty per cent. of the success of the adapted play.

THAT there is a decided art in dramatic adaptation, and that it is difficult seems to be a fact recognized as truth not only by playwrights and managers, but by audiences themselves. And they have reached their decision, not by any lengthy arguments and discursive studies, but by going to the theatre and seeing books that were best sellers, and therefore enjoyable, presented as very bad plays, plays that frequently did not last as long as the two weeks generally allotted to the Broadway failure.

As it is through the failures we come to know the successes, it might be well to analyze one or two of the adapted plays that did not succeed and then contrast their good and bad points with plays that were successful from a box-office standpoint. And that, by the way, is the only way an author can judge his play. The degree of his success can be judged by his clever lines, how many seasons the play is good for, what the critics say of it,—but success, pure and simple, is weighed by the money that comes through the little window a dollar or two at a time.

One of the most glaring failures I have in mind was the dramatization of a very popular novel that as a serial and novel caused a decided sensation by frank portrayal of a type of girl well known to our larger cities. The announcement that it was to be made into a play created considerable stir, and when the cast was selected it contained any number of well-known names.

Then came the opening night. The dramatization had been made by the author, who had previously written one or two plays,—and the unfolding of the play showed that he had carefully tried to put the entire action of the book into one evening's entertainment. As the book ran something over five hundred pages the show had to hurry to end by midnight, and in the hurry, rushed to failure.

There was one other very serious fault with the play in question and that was the fact that the girl cast for the title part was hardly the type portrayed in the book. All the newspapers commented on the fact the following morning and that fact alone kept the public away, for in a dramatic adaptation the one thing that is absolutely necessary is that the types which appeared in the book be faithfully kept in the stage representation.

WHEN, after reading Mr. Chester's very human and humorous "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" stories, and seeing a play in the character, the first thing I did was to sketch in the people in the story who would appear in the play. In the case of Wallingford, the adaptation was not being made from a book, but from short stories, and incidents from several of the stories were used in the play.

These incidents were carefully read, and then, once they had made a lasting impression in my mind, Mr. Chester's script was discarded and the work commenced in earnest. The first thing I did was to sketch in the action of the play, and how many characters would be required.

The dramatic adapter needs to be very careful with his characters, even the woman in the car knew that. After all, the audience, seeing an adapted play, has more vivid memories of the characters of the book than of the situations. If some of the more prominent situations are included, some of the bits that were so human that they could not be forgotten, then the audience is perfectly satisfied to overlook any changes,—any additions. or omissions.

Once the action and characters required are thoroughly in mind the actual writing of the lines is started. In an ordinary drama,—the work of some author's brain,—this does not mean much more than mechanical labor provided each scene and act has been mentally studied beforehand.

With an adaptation, however, the writing of the lines is difficult, often laborious. The reason is obvious. In a new drama which one has just created the lines may express the opinion of George M. Cohan,—in an adapted play they must express and reveal the thoughts of the author of the stories—in the language of the characters of the story. For example, imagine Wallingford and Blackie Daw talking Harvard English,—and leaving the slang out of their conversation. They were petty grafters, those two, very human, and they had to live their stage lives so that they could leave the play with a happy ending.

And so I labored for hours over single speeches, worked out situations and tore them up when I had finished, all in my endeavor to create play characters that were story characters.

Once these characters and the play surrounding them were in what I considered their best shape, there was another trying period of casting which is more difficult when an adapted play is being produced than in an ordinary drama. A miscasting in an ordinary drama may, or may not, be serious. Frequently a player will give a good performance of a character, and yet the character as shown to Broadway will be different from the author's conception. Such a misconception would be fatal to an adapted drama.

Do you remember Blackie Daw? And the waitress? And the old fellow who came in and looked down on the covered carpet tacks? Just the types you imagined when you read the stories. To get these types, however, meant a long search along the Rialto. Several times a player would appear to be a physical type, and then fail in the delivery of the lines. In the end the cast was about as near a reproduction of the types of the stories as it is possible for it to be,—and Wallingford played in one New York theatre for over a year.

Wallingford, however, was a comedy,—and its types were rather exaggerated. In the drama, where the types more closely resemble the people one meets daily, the writing and casting is even more difficult, for Wallingford types can be slightly overdrawn, while exaggerating the smarter types means something close to burlesque.

There are two very successful dramatic adaptations playing in New York at the present time, and in each case, while the play and the book are closely related, there is an element in the success which helps the adapter materially. This element is mechanical. The two plays I refer to are "The Masquerader" and "Peter Ibbetson."

ONE of these dramas has a dual personality to help make it interesting, the other, the wonderful playing of a popular actor and some dream scenery. In both cases, when the plays were being reviewed by critics,—and incidentally they were highly praised,—mention was made that frequently one became so absorbed in the mechanics of the drama as to have the thread of the story swept into the background. Such playwriting is difficult, and yet, looking at it from one angle, easy.

I really think that any dramatic adapter of to-day faces one of the hardest jobs ever handed out to anyone, a job harder than it was ten years ago. The reason for this is the movies. I had recently finished reading a light but interesting novel, and having a spare hour I went to the movies. It chanced to be a screen version of the novel,—and in one short hour and forty minutes they gave me about as accurate a resumé of the story as I have ever seen. In thinking it over afterwards I realized that only the more dramatic part of the story could ever have been used on the stage,—and here were audiences getting accustomed to seeing the whole story,—in detail.

There is one branch of literature that I believe the dramatic adapter will do well to let severely alone, and that is the classics, or even the semi-classics. In looking back over the past few years there have been several attempts to make plays about the characters of Dickens and Thackeray. They have never been decided successful, some of the productions have been bad failures. The reason for this is that almost every reader of one of the standard classics has a definite idea of the characters, and no two ideas are alike. It is just the same writing a play about a famous man. He has been idealized,—and the ideals differ. Of course there have been some of Dickens' stories made into plays,—"Oliver Twist" was a big hit twenty years ago, but as a rule dramatic adaptations of such novels are far from perfect.

Goldberg

(Left)

LAURA HOPE CREWS

A charming, whimsical society woman in William Hurlbut's comedy "Romance and Arabella" is Miss Crews' rôle this season. In the new play she essays a part in marked contrast to her recent interesting characterization in "Peter Ibbetson," and incidentally returns to her old love—high comedy

© *Ira L. Hill*

(Right)

VIOLET HEMING

No wonder Miss Heming is never off Broadway! Her beauty and ability have earned her a place among our leading actresses. Successful in "The Flame," "Under Fire" and "The Lie," she is to appear shortly on Broadway in Sydney Rosenfeld's play "Under Pressure"

TWO FAIR DAUGHTERS OF THESPIS

TWO INTERVIEWS

By HIRAM KELLY MODERWELL

IT was my privilege to know the Washington Square Players before they became famous. In those days one could safely admit such acquaintance. Few cared whether you knew them or not and the utmost of comment was a reference to "those nuts who are starting another amateur theatre."

But now it is a dangerous thing to confess even to a passing acquaintance with the opulent coterie who have leased the Comedy Theatre, who have supplied actors and scenery to Broadway, who have become known from London to San Francisco, and who boast more boiled shirts in their audience than any other theatre in New York except the Metropolitan Opera House. Merely to be acquainted with the Washington Square Players puts you in peril.

Someone whom you met at last night's reception calls you up.

"Delighted to have met you last night," he says. "We must see more of each other. By the way, you said you were acquainted with Mr. Goodman of the Washington Square Players, didn't you? How interesting. By the way, let's get together some time. Why not meet me at my club this afternoon and have a drink?"

You know what is coming. After the second drink has been ordered and your mutual friends have been disposed of, your new friend remarks quite casually:

"Oh, by the way, I wonder if you would do something for me? I have a niece, a most talented girl, who lives in Kansas. She is sure that she must go on the stage—insists on it. Her parents simply don't know what to do with her, so they thought she might join the Washington Square Players. Do you think you could prevail on Mr. Goodman——?"

OR there is your lawyer friend who confesses that he has written a one-act play—right out of his own experience—which he has been revising for the past six years. Could you prevail upon Mr. Goodman——? He will gladly defray the expenses of the production and even make it worth Mr. Goodman's while, etc.——

So I do not dare permit myself to be seen with Mr. Goodman in public. I consult him—if he has time to see me—only behind closed doors, and only for professional purposes, as, for instance, this interview.

It was three years ago that I first interviewed the Washington Square Players as a corporate body. They were gathered in the back room of Albert and Charles Boni's Bookshop on Macdougal Street, in that Italia Irredenta, the southern fringe of Greenwich Village.

"Do you know anybody who would subscribe to our theatre?" asked Lawrence Langner, the business manager. "Five dollars a season for two seats at each of our five productions. We have four subscriptions already and another promised."

The house manager was dolefully reporting that he could find no theatre available at a rental of less than $50 a month, and the legal counsel was adding that the law required a set of fire extinguishers costing at least ten subscriptions. The tone of the meeting was pessimistic.

When the session had adjourned I sought my interview. "Yes," said Mr. Goodman, "the American theatre, as it exists to-day, is all wrong. There's just one thing to do—sweep the whole system away and begin all over. That's what we intend to do."

"You see," added Philip Moeller, "we've got to assert the rights of the human soul. The American theatre has no place for the subtler nuances of drama. The whole system is wrong. The acting is mechanical, the production lifeless and the scenery damn—no, it is worse, it is positively mid-Victorian. The trouble is that the whole system is commercial. The American theatre is aiming at nothing but the dollar."

"I wish I could find another subscriber," said Lawrence Langner. "That would make six."

"Say, I'm hungry," put in Helen Westley. "Let's go around to Pa Gallup's and get an egg sandwich."

So we all went out and discussed art.

RECALLING the pleasant conversation that had accompanied that egg sandwich, I went the other day to interview my old friends of the Washington Square Players, now busy and prosperous and much accustomed to interviews and pictures in the daily press. The elevator man in the loft building on 41st Street told me that the business offices and studios were on the second, third, fourth and fifth floors. I took a chance on the fourth. The clatter of many typewriters smote my ears.

"I'll refer you to Mr. Goodman's secretary," said the pretty blonde at the switchboard. "Your name, please."

Mr. Goodman's secretary was occupied at the moment. The head office-boy gave my name to another office-boy, who disappeared into an inner office. Presently Mr. Goodman's secretary appeared.

"Mr. Goodman is very busy these days," she explained. "He isn't seeing anybody until next month."

I ventured the remark that I was an old friend.

She smiled wanly and said: "You see, Mr. Goodman has so many demands on his time just now. If you will give me your name and address and telephone number, I will bring the matter to his attention and send you word."

SOME weeks later I received a note telling me that Mr. Goodman would see me the following Friday at 2:30. I was ushered down a long corridor, past a number of offices, to the large room at the end. As I entered, Mr. Goodman was studying the photograph of a pretty young lady who had apparently applied for employment as ingenue.

"Welcome," he said, as he motioned me to a seat. "No, I'm rather fond of my own," he added, refusing my proffered Virginias and reaching for his box of imported Russian cigarettes.

I explained that I wished to interview him about the work of the Washington Square Players.

"In regard to the technical work I must refer you to our Mr. Pennington," he replied. "Mr. Pennington is busy this month superintending the lighting for Raymond Hitchcock's *revue* at the Cohan and Harris, so you can't see him. As for the scenery and production, you must see Mr. Lawson and Mr. Moeller, but I'm afraid they can't be seen either. They have finished their work on "Hitchy-Koo," and are at present at the Palace conferring about some one-act pieces for the circuit. The costume department is simply swamped with work for Broadway productions just now and musn't be disturbed." I expressed my disappointment.

"In regard to our general aims and ideal," he continued, "we view with alarm the growing tendency of half-baked amateurs to usurp the field properly belonging to the trained professional. They suppose that what they call inspiration will take the place of years of practical experience behind the footlights. Every week, it seems, a new amateur company springs up, proclaiming that all the work which practical theatre men have done is valueless, and promising to effect a revolution over night. I notice that there is still another company starting up in Greenwich Village, where most of these crackbrained schemes originate. Its directors complain that the American theatre is becoming commercial. Commercial! They forget that every good theatre is a commercial theatre. There is just one test of excellence in dramatic art—the box office."

He paused a moment, and then glancing at his watch added: "Have I given you what you want? I'm sorry, but I have an appointment with David Belasco, and after that I must confer with Arthur Hopkins. You might look at our press books on the way out. They will give you any other information you may need."

He pressed an electric button and before I realized it I was being ushered out toward the clicking typewriters.

I LEARNED from the secretary that many of my friends who had been with the company in its early struggles had graduated to Broadway. Roland Young I talked with while he was waiting for his entrance cue in "A Successful Calamity."

"The Actor's Art," he said, "consists of technique, more technique, and always technique. That is why these upstart amateur companies invariably fail." I missed Teddy Gibson, who was then rehearsing in "Mary's Ankle," but I found Helen Westley in her dressing-room at the Lyceum Theatre, making up for her part with Shelley Hull in "The Lassoo." Margaret Mower was with her.

"When I was with Bernhardt—" began Miss Mower, reflectively.

"Never mind Bernhardt," interrupted Miss Westley. "Save her for supper to-night.—You see," she added, turning to me, "I simply can't keep in condition unless I drop into the Claridge for a bite of terrapin before I go to sleep."

I left the theatre and ran across Lawrence Langner, now the consulting business manager. "I'm trying to think of a scheme," he said, "for keeping our subscription list confined to the really nice people. It doesn't look right to have those Greenwich Village nuts overrunning the place. It makes it look as though we were just one of those amateur art theatres."

I confessed my ignorance of practical business, and sadly taking my leave, went into a nearby dairy lunch and ordered an egg sandwich

Karl Struss

BLUCH LANDOLF—IN SILHOUETTE—AN ARTIST IN THE LINE OF PANTOMIME

White

The funmakers—(left to right) Bart, Tony Ladella, Dippy Diers, Fred Walton, John Hendricks, Nat M. Wills, Malbia, Bluch Landolf, and Arthur Hill

THE MEN WHO HELP "CHEER UP" AT THE HIPPODROME

DRAMA A LA CARTE

By EDWIN CARTY RANCK

THE SCENE:

The dressing room of a New York theatre. As the curtain rises, Love Element is discovered at the dressing-table, making himself beautiful for the evening performance. He is of the Byronic type with curly-black hair and dark poetic eyes. As he puts rouge on his lips he gazes into the mirror like Hyacinth in love with his own image.

Enter Uplift, a thin, ascetic-looking person attired in dark, clerical-cut garments. He looks smug and pious and when he smiles his expression is unctuous and complacent.

UPLIFT

(*Smiling*) Ah, I see you are preparing for the scene with the fair heroine.

LOVE ELEMENT

(*Romantically*) I adore that scene! It carries me into a zone of purest poetry. The lines are exquisite. I am constantly reminded of the great Shakespeare himself. And how the audience applauds when I make love to Charmian! Without that scene the play would fail utterly.

UPLIFT

Bosh! It is *me* that has made the play. I am the Alpha and the Omega of every play. The managers wouldn't put one on without *me*.

LOVE ELEMENT

(*Angrily*) Your egotism becomes unbearable. Do you think for a moment that audiences crowd the theatre to hear you preach? Absurd! They come to see me make love to Charmian. I am the essence of romance that is in every man and woman. No playwright to-day dares ignore me.

UPLIFT

What do you suppose would become of you if I didn't stand at your side in the last act?

LOVE ELEMENT

(*Scornfully*) Some of the greatest plays ever written managed to toddle along without you.

UPLIFT

(*Didactically*) Those were the plays of yesterday. We are discussing the plays of to-day. You whisper sweet nothings. I inspire preachers and editorial writers. I preach the gospel of optimism and send the audiences away feeling that the world is not a vale of tears but a place of sunshine and joy. I appeal to the tired business man. I—

LOVE ELEMENT

(*Wearily*) You are a sop to Cerberus, that's all.

UPLIFT

(*Complacently*) Without that sop, my dear fellow, the play would be torn to pieces.

LOVE ELEMENT

(*Blackening his eyebrows*) That's merely what the managers say.

UPLIFT

(*Sharply*) It's what everybody says.

(*Enter Comic Relief, dressed in motley, with a cap and bells on his head.*)

COMIC RELIEF

(*Pretending to stumble over his own feet*) Tut, tut, children, be of good cheer. The worst is yet to come.

UPLIFT

(*Sourly*) Nothing could be worse than your cheap wit.

COMIC RELIEF

(*Grinning*) Jealous cat! Where would you two chaps get off if it wasn't for me?

UPLIFT

(*Sarcastically*) At one-night stands, I suppose?

COMIC RELIEF

(*Imperturbably*) You've got me, Stephen. I'm the Little Brighteyes that brings in the shekels. I furnish the laughs and the audience eats 'em up. (*Strutting around*) Believe me, I'm *class*, gentlemen. Class with a capital C.

LOVE ELEMENT

(*Spitefully*) You mean you're an ass with a capital A.

COMIC RELIEF

I'm the whole show. I'm the friend of the author, the public and the box-office. I'm the prop of the modern drama. "Ah, here's our old friend Comic Relief," they say when I step out on the stage, and I always get a hand.

UPLIFT

(*Sneering*) You should get the boot.

COMIC RELIEF

(*Executing a jig-step*) "I don't care! I don't care!"

LOVE ELEMENT

(*Admiring himself in the mirror*) You haven't brains enough to care about anything.

COMIC RELIEF

(*Cheerfully*) Come, come, gentlemen, don't let's cast asparagus on one another's character. We must stand together. We are the three Graces of the modern stage. With such a trio the play is invincible. We—

(*He is interrupted by the violent throwing open of the door. A tall man dressed like a cowboy and wearing a sombrero and a fierce black mustache bursts into the room like a tornado.*)

THE PUNCH

(*Crossing to Comic Relief and shaking him like a rat*) You lie, you dog! You lie in your teeth! (*Turning to the others with a roar*) You lie, too, both of you! For two cents I would shoot up the whole damned establishment. How dare you ignore me like this? (*Releasing Comic Relief and striking his chest with a hairy fist*) I'm the whole cheese in the modern play Deny it, any of you, and I'll choke the lying words down your throats. I'm the show-horse of the manager, the royal flush of the playwright and the one best bet of the second-balcony. I'm the Theodore Roosevelt of the stage. I'm the Big Stick, the Knock Out, the Thunderbolt. I'm the dynamic force of the Twentieth Century personified. I'm IT! Do you *get* me? I'm IT!

LOVE ELEMENT
COMIC RELIEF
UPLIFT } *All speaking together.*

Who *are* you?

THE PUNCH

(*With a roar*) I'm THE PUNCH!

LOVE ELEMENT

(*Faintly*) I—I beg your pardon!

UPLIFT

(*Piously*) Brother, I salute you as a colleague. You and I have preserved the life of the modern drama.

COMIC RELIEF

(*Crossing to The Punch and putting out his hand with a grin*) We've got to hand it to you, kiddo. You're there with the goods all the time.

THE PUNCH

(*Mollified*) Huh! Now you're beginning to talk sense. I—

(*He is interrupted by a loud wailing sound that rings through the theatre. All four look at one another uneasily and there is a dramatic pause.*

LOVE ELEMENT

What was that?

COMIC RELIEF

I'll go out and see.

(*Exit Comic Relief*)

UPLIFT

It sounded like a lost soul in purgatory.

THE PUNCH

Huh!

LOVE ELEMENT

(*Shuddering*) It was dreadful!

(*Enter Comic Relief with a look of indifference on his face*)

COMIC RELIEF

(*Humming*) "That tick, tick, tick, tick, Oh that tick-i-lish rag!"

THE PUNCH

(*Angrily*) Cut the singing! What was the noise outside?

COMIC RELIEF

(*Yawning*) Real Drama was dying, that's all

UPLIFT

Is he dead?

COMIC RELIEF

Yes.

LOVE ELEMENT

(*Sighing*) Poor old thing!

UPLIFT

(*Thoughtfully*) He was an unconscionable time a-dying.

THE PUNCH

(*Brutally*) I'm damn glad he's dead! He was out of place on the modern stage anyhow.

COMIC RELIEF

Ain't it the truth!

UPLIFT

(*Didactically*) His death will not be without a certain significance to the world. From his ashes there will rise, Phoenix-like, a new drama—a better and a stronger drama. For every one of God's creatures that dies, there is always a better substitute being born. That is the message of optimism. That—

COMIC RELIEF

(*Frantically*) Chop it! Chop it! Where do you think you are? In church?

THE PUNCH

(*To Uplift, menacingly*) Say, Bo, I'm going to soak you one if you start that line of talk again.

STAGE MANAGER

(*Entering in a panic*) Come, come, Comic Relief, you are badly needed on the stage. The audience is beginning to *think*.

COMIC RELIEF

I'll be there with bells on. (*Turning to the others with a grin*) Here's where I get a big laugh, fellows. (Exits.)

STAGE MANAGER

I won't need you, Uplift, until the last act, just before the final curtain. (*To Love Element*) Are you ready for your entrance cue?

LOVE ELEMENT

Yes.

STAGE MANAGER

You'll get it in three minutes. (*Turning to The Punch*) Don't you forget, Punch, that the big scene is in the third act. That's where you come in *strong*. (*Concluded on page 30*)

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Campbell

BEATRICE ALLEN

An attractive young player appearing in Arthur Hammerstein's new musical production "Furs and Frills" at the Casino

Sarony

EDITH HALLOR

"Leave it to Jane"—that is, leave it to Miss Hallor in the title rôle of the smart musical comedy at the Longacre to captivate her audiences nightly

Moffett

AUDREY MAPLE

Who played the prima donna rôle in "Good Night, Paul," the musical farce recently at the Hudson and now on tour

National

EMILIE LEA

Dancing a Futurist Jazz with Nigel Barrie in a new musical revue on Broadway

Rochlitz

GEORGIA O'RAMEY

As Flora Wiggins, this clever actress dances and sings her way successfully through "Leave It to Jane"

SOME BLOSSOMS OF STAGELAND

PUTTING PEP INTO SPECTACLE

By R. H. BURNSIDE

THE manager of a theatre in a Southwestern city, a rare visitor to New York, was my guest at the Hippodrome one evening, and before it was time for the curtain, he sat in a box and enjoyed his first thrill as he watched the big house fill up.

"Say," he asked after about ten minutes, "I've heard about this Hippodrome show,—and I've heard about your spectacular musical comedies that cost $100,000, but this is the first time I've ever had the chance of cornering one of the fellows responsible. How do you do it?" And he waved his hand out over the house.

For a minute I was what the schoolboy would call "stumped." I wanted to give an intelligent answer,—but, if possible, to sum up the situation in a very few words.

"By never letting in a dull moment," I said finally, and thinking now of my answer I believe that it is the keynote of the success of all spectacular productions.

Of course the spectacular production may be dramatic, but that is outside of my particular field, so in referring to spectacular plays, only those of a musical nature are being considered.

There are four great requisites for success with spectacular musical plays. 1. It must have the Spirit of Youth. 2. There must be Color in Harmony. 3. There must be good, catchy music. 4. There must be Continuous Comedy.

To elaborate, one might take as an example, the latest Hippodrome production, the famous "Chin Chin" show, or Mr. Stone's new production "Jack o' Lantern." One of the greatest assets of any of these plays is the chorus girl. They must all be young and fair to look on. They must look spontaneously filled with the joy of youth. The same is true with the principals. Bored prima donnas are not needed in spectacles; everywhere there must be youth. The chorus girls in such a production are the background on which the work is built.

AND there must be good music for them to sing. The smaller musical productions can get along very well with music that is pretty, that has real charm in its lyrics,—but the spectacular shows want smashing tunes that have to be whistled and hummed as the audiences leave the theatre.

For the coloring, the changes of costumes must be many and startling. The same applies to the scenes. To again contrast with the more intimate type of revue which is very popular at present,—it would be impossible for Mr. Stone to appear in a play giving his talents full scope unless he could have a shifting background. These very dainty indoor "sets" would absolutely ruin his work. He needs magnificence —a hint of the unreal, for after all the spectacle depends on the lure of the unreal, a glimpse of fairyland, to make its appeal.

The need for good music is of course obvious, as is the comedy requirement.

To again contrast the truly spectacular play with the quieter variety there is no need of quiet lines to build up the plot of the spectacle. All that is necessary is that before the applause from one bit of entertainment is gone, the next piece of fun is ready. That is why the specialty performer, with real talent, is in demand for spectacles,—the six Brown Brothers, for instance,—or Belle Story, they make interesting some moment that might be dull. A dull moment is the curse of a spectacular show,—the reason why such productions fail. I have figured it out rather carefully and experience has led me to believe that one bad line kills six good lines, just as it takes six good scenes to erase the deadening, restless effect of one bad scene. Every scene, every act of a spectacular production must end in the staccato.

"But how can you tell a dull spot before the first performance?" is the eternal theatrical question.

You can't—always, any more than you can positively tell the line that is going to bring the biggest laugh,—or the song that will get the most applause.

Generally, however, it is possible to eliminate during dress rehearsals, moments that are absolutely dull.

IN last year's production of the Hippodrome we had as a first scene, several characters come to life from a billboard. In the original script, these characters had considerable dialogue, explanatory of the course of the play. During final rehearsals, however, I noticed that when this scene was in progress, Mr. Dillingham was always restless—and finally, just a few minutes before the last rehearsal, I cut out the dialogue.

The rehearsal proceeded, and when Mr. Dillingham missed the dialogue, he asked me about it.

"I cut it out."

"You did," he laughed. "Oh, that's too bad, I wanted to do that myself."

By such methods—literally studying the spectators, even though they are only members of the show who are watching from the wings, —can dull spots be eliminated.

Interest! In the literary game they are always talking about "sustained interest," and in the spectacular play we worship sustained interest as a god. There are no rules to follow which lead to interest;—as long as it is present it makes no difference where it comes from. The show may open with a spectacle or a monologue—but it must improve scene by scene,—act by act—and the culminating climax must be a smashing punch that sends the audience away happy.

Just as long as you please the public—and put the high spots of the show towards the end, then you can count on success.

A RATHER remarkable incident of putting the best last is one that I believe has never been told. This was when "Watch Your Step" was taken to the Empire Theatre, London. Shortly before the production, an early closing law went into effect, and it was necessary to shorten the play. The script was carefully examined and it was found possible to play what was the second act at the New Amsterdam Theatre, as the first act, and give the first act with its smashing climax as the final. The third we just forgot.

And the story of the play—there never was enough to do any harm,—so it did not cause any inconvenience.

The story of a spectacular play is really of little importance, in fact it is so unimportant that too much story is a burden. In my work of the past few years I have had two failures. "The Three Romeos," and "The Dancing Duchess." Both had too much plot,—and to that I attribute their non-success.

There must be some story, however, even such a big spectacle as the Hippodrome show has to have a story to start with,—or, perhaps I could be more correct if I said,—an idea.

Once this idea is on hand, and the book and music has been written, it is up to the producer to put "pep" into the show. This is work that requires much thought. First comes the engagement of the chorus, and then the principals and specialty performers. Whenever there is a dragging moment, in goes a specialty. Perhaps, as in the case of Mr. Stone, the star is able to do plenty of specialty work himself.—but no matter where it comes from, something new and startling must be constantly before the audience when a song hit is not in progress. And the fun must be spontaneous,—we work hours and hours for just that effect. The actors have to appear to be having a good time to put the spirit into the audience. The dances have to be lively—and it takes deep thought and long hours of rehearsals to make them so. I have worked two hours on the dance for one encore of the chorus of a catchy song—but in the two minutes that the number is before the audience it sets their blood tingling, and brings applause.

THE rehearsals for a spectacular production take anywhere from four to six weeks if the work is done quickly,—some managements seem to feel that eight or even ten weeks are necessary. And during the rehearsals the piece is often entirely rewritten. The author thinks of some new bit of business,—and discards an old one. The producer sees a moment that is uninteresting, and devises some new dance movement. It is a constant tearing down and rebuilding,—until at the end the finished work is ready for the final scrutiny.

The final scrutiny, which is commonly called the dress rehearsal, may develop the most startling situation. The producer may find that what he considered a perfectly safe number is flat,—that there is no "pep" to it. That means elimination, or more work. I have often taken a song number and by working two or three hours, devised a beautiful chorus effect that would make a hit in spite of words and music that were not above the average.

I have even found out, after hours of work that such a scene is impossible, and ruthlessly thrown out. Ruthless cutting is one of the reasons for "pep" in spectacular productions. A scenic set that costs thousands is frequently discarded at the dress rehearsal because the material to be used with it is found lacking in vitality.

But after all, it's a great game of chance. I cut the dialogue out of the scene in "Hip-Hip-Hooray" last year, and I let "Poor Butterfly" go on because we had a Japanese prima donna. —and no better song. As soon as the production was launched, however, I started to look for a better song.—and found after a few weeks that the song we had all decided to reject, was steadily growing in public favor. Just what a favorite it grew to be is history, for I doubt if there was ever a more succesful piece of music.

THE BARN DANCE IN ACT III OF "MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS" AT THE CORT

Philip Leigh, Malcolm Morley, Warburton Gamble, Elisabeth Risdon, Mrs. Edmund Gurney, Katherine Kaelred and Maclyn Arbuckle

SCENE IN SHAW'S "MISALLIANCE" WHICH OPENED THE NEW BROADHURST THEATRE

OLD DAYS AND NEW

By CARL VAN VECHTEN

SOME toothless old sentimentalist or other periodically sets up a melancholy howl for "the good old days of comic opera," whatever or whenever they were. Perhaps none of us, once past forty, is guiltless in this respect. Nothing, not even the smell of an apple-blossom from the old homestead, the sight of a daguerreotype of a miss one kissed at the age of ten, or a taste of a piece of the kind of pie that "mother used to make" so arouses the sensibility of a man of middle age as the memory of some musical show which he saw in his budding manhood. That is why revivals of these venerable institutions are frequently projected and, some of them, very successfully accomplished. When a manager revives an old drama he must appeal to the interest of his audience; it may not be the identical interest which held the original spectators of the piece spell-bound, but, none the less, it must be an interest. When a manager revives an old musical comedy he appeals directly to sentiment.

OF course, the exact date of the good old days is a variable quantity. I have known a vain regretter to turn no further back than to the nights of "The Merry Widow," "The Waltz Dream," "The Chocolate Soldier," "The Girl in the Taxi" and "The Dollar Princess," in other words to the Viennese renaissance; another, in using the phrase, is subconsciously conjuring up pictures of "La Belle Hélène," "Orphée aux Enfers," or "La Fille de Madame Angot," good fodder for memory to feed on here; a third will instinctively revert to the Johann Strauss operetta period, the era of "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief" and "Die Fledermaus"; a fourth cries, "Give us Gilbert and Sullivan!" (just here, of course, we are encroaching on the preserves of musical and dramatic art); a fifth when his ideas are chased to their lair, will rhapsodize endlessly over the charms of the London Gaiety when "The Geisha," "The Country Girl," and "The Circus Girl" were in favor; a sixth, it seems, finds his pleasure in "Americana," "Robin Hood," "Wang," "The Babes in Toyland," and "El Capitan"; a seventh becomes maudlin to the most utter degree when you mention "Les Cloches de Corneville," or "La Mascotte," products of a decadent stage in the history of French opéra-bouffe. Not long ago I heard a man speak of the cadet operas in Boston (did a man named Barnett write them?) as the last of the great musical pieces; and everyone of you who reads this article will have a brother, or a son, or a friend who went to see "Sybil" forty-three times and "The Girl from Utah" seventy-six. Twenty years from now, as he sits before the open fire, the mere mention of *"They Wouldn't Believe Me"* will cause the tears to course down his cheeks as he pats the pate of his infant son or daughter and weepingly describes the never-to-be-forgotten fascination of Julia Sanderson, the (in the then days) unattainable agility of Donald Brian.

In no other form of theatrical entertainment is the appeal to softness so direct. The man who attends a performance of a musical farce goes in a good mood, usually with a couple of friends, or possibly with *the* girl. If he has dined well and his digestion is in working order and he is young enough, the spell of the lights and the music is irresistible to his receptive and impressionable nature. There are those young men, of course, who are constant attendants because of the altogether too wonderful hair of the third girl from the right in the front row. Others succumb to the dental perfection of the prima donna or to the shapely legs of the soubrette. All of us, I am almost ashamed to admit, at some time or other, are subject to the contagion. I well remember the year in which I considered myself as a possible suitor for the hand of Della Fox. Photographs and posters of this deity adorned my walls. I was an assiduous collector of newspaper clippings referring to her profoundly interesting activities, although my sophistication had not reached the stage where I might appeal to Romeike for assistance. The mere mention of Miss Fox's name was sufficient cause to make me blush profusely. Eventually my father was forced to take steps in the matter when I began, in a valiant effort to summon up the spirit of the lady's presence, to disturb the early morning air with vocal assaults on *She Was a Daisy,* which, you will surely remember, was the musical gem of "The Little Trooper." Here are the words of the refrain:

"She was a daisy, daisy, daisy!
Driving me crazy, crazy, crazy!
Helen of Troy and Venus were to her cross-eyed crones!
She was dimpled and rosy, rosy, rosy!
Sweet as a posy, posy, posy!
How I doted upon her, my Ann Jane Jones!"

You will admit, I think, at first glance, the superior literary quality of these lines; you will perceive at once to what immeasurably higher class of art they belong than the lyrics that librettists hand out to us to-day.

Wall Street broker, poet, green grocer, banker, lawyer, whatever you are, confess the facts to yourself: you were once as I. You have suffered the same feelings that I suffered. Perhaps with you it was not Della Fox....Who then? Did saucy Marie Jansen awaken your admiration? Was pert Lulu Glaser the object of your secret but persistent attention? How many times did you go to see Marie Tempest in "The Fencing Master," or Alice Nielsen in "The Serenade?" Was Virginia Earle in "The Circus Girl" the idol of your youth or was it Mabel Barrison in "The Babes in Toyland?", Theresa Vaughn in "1492," May Yohe in "The Lady Slavey," Hilda Hollins in "The Magic Kiss," or Nancy McIntosh in "His Excellency?" Madge Lessing in "Jack and the Beanstalk," Edna May in "The Belle of New York," Phyllis Rankin in "The Rounders," or Gertrude Quinlan in "King Dodo?"

WHAT do you whistle in your bathtub when you are in a reminiscent mood? Is it *The Typical Tune* of *Zanzibar, or Baby, Baby, Dance My Darling Baby,* or *Starlight, Starbright,* or *Tell Me, Pretty Maiden,* or *A Simple Little String,* or *J'aime les Militaires* (if you whistle this ten to one your next door neighbor thinks you have been to an orchestral concert and heard Beethoven's *Seventh Symphony*), or *Sister Mary Jane's Top Note,* or *A Wandering Minstrel I,* or *See How It Sparkles,* or the *Lullaby* from "Erminie," which Pauline Hall used to sing as if she herself were asleep, or *A Pretty Girl, A Summer Night,* or the *Policeman's Chorus* from "The Pirates of Penzance," or *The Soldiers in the Park,* or *My Angeline,* or the *Letter Song* from "The Chocolate Soldier," or *I'm Little Buttercup,* or the *Gobble Song* from "The Mascot," or the *Anna Song* from "Manon," or the march from "Fatinitza, or *I'm All the Way from Gay Paree,* or *Love Comes Like a Summer Sigh,* or *In the North Sea Lived a Whale,* or *Jusqu'là,* or *The Harmless Little Girlie With the Downcast Eyes,* or *They All Follow Me,* or *The Amorous Goldfish, or Don't Be Cross,* or *Slumber On, My Little Gypsy Sweetheart,* or *Good-bye, Flo,* or *La Légende de la Mère Angot,* or *My Alamo Love?*

There is a very subtle and fragrant charm about these old recollections which the sight or sound of a score, a view of an old photograph of Lillian Russell or Judic, or a dip in the *Théâtre Complet* of Meilhac and Halévy will reawaken. But it is only at a revival of one of our old favorites that we can really bathe in sentimentality, drink in draughts of joy from the past, allow memory full sway. You whose hair is turning white will be in Row A, Seat No. 1 for the first performance of a revival of "Robin Hood."

YOU will not hear Ned Hoff in his original rôle; Jessie Bartlett Davis is dead and, alas, Henry Clay Barnabee is no longer on the boards, but the newcomers, possibly, are respectable substitutes and the airs and lines remain. You can walk about in the lobby and say proudly that you attended the *first* performance of the opera ever so long ago when operettas had tune and reason. "Yes sir, there were plots in those days, and composers, and the singers could *act.* Times have certainly changed, sir. Come to the corner and have a Manhattan.... There were no cocktails in those days....There is no singer like Mrs. Davis to-day!"

Well the poor souls who cannot feel tenderly about a past they have not yet experienced have their recompenses. For one thing I am certain that the revivals of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas to which De Wolf Hopper devoted his best talents were better, in many respects, than the original London productions; just as I am equally certain that the representations of "Aida" at the Metropolitan Opera House are way ahead of the original performance of that work given at Cairo before the Khedive of Egypt.

Then there is the musical revue, a form which we have borrowed from the French, but which we have vastly improved upon and into which we have poured some of our most national feeling and expression. The interpretation of these frivolities is a new art. Gaby Deslys may be only half a loaf compared to Marie Jansen, but I am sure that Elsie Janis is more than three-quarters. Frank Tinney and Al Jolson can, in their humble way, efface memories of Digby Bell and Dan Daly. Adele Rowland and Marie Dressler have their points (and curves). Irving Berlin, Louis A. Hirsch, and Jerome Kern are not to be sniffed at. Neither is P. G. Wodehouse. Harry B. Smith we have always with us: he is the Sarah Bernhardt of librettists.

So if the youth of these days chooses to be sentimental in the years to come over the good old days of Urban scenery and Olive Thomas, the Balloon Girls of the Midnight Frolic and the chorus of the Winter Garden, he will be obliged to give way to the mood at home in front of the fire, see the pictures in the smoke, and hear the tunes in the dropping of the coals.

Sarony

Did saucy Marie Jansen as Javotte in "Erminie" awaken your admiration?

© Falk

Have you forgotten the fascination of Madge Lessing in "Jack and the Beanstalk?"

Sarony

How many times did you go to see Marie Tempest in "The Fencing Master?"

Sarony

Did you ever consider yourself a possible suitor for the hand of Della Fox?

Marceau

Were you among the many who succumbed to the charm of Edna May in "The Belle of New York?

WERE THEY POPULAR IN OTHER DAYS? ASK DAD—HE KNOWS

WILL THEY NEVER STOP DANCING?

By NELLIE REVELL

DANCING is no longer a graceful abstraction. It has expanded into a concrete art. Not only is there a dance for every nation, there is one for every emotion. Comedy, tragedy, romance, patriotism—they are all expressed with the feet nowadays.

Of the dozen new headline acts which appear on the vaudeville horizon this month, fully half are sumptuous additions to the realm of Terpsichore. The scenery, costuming and staging of these dancing turns outshine many a legitimate production. There is even plot or story. Only lines are lacking—speaking lines that is; and for these are substituted lines of graceful evolutions as flashing as a train of thought. Compared to the subtlety and quickness of some dancing pantomime, words actually seem clumsy.

PERHAPS it is comparison with the brilliancy of the dancing acts that made the new sketches seem heavy. Even the vehicle of Mr. Robert Edeson seemed entirely upheld by the dramatic power of the star. For him alone the ovation of applause. He is the favorite actor of a great many people, as the crowded houses testify. And he did not disappoint even though the play which served him was unworthy of his talents.

His rôle was that of an Indian, Flying Arrow by name, who has received a college education but to rebel at civilization. "What is civilization?" he asks, and bitterly answers: "It is doing what your neighbors do." So he returns to the garb of the carefree Westerner—not his native blanket, but broad brimmed hat and sheepskin chaps. He falls in love with Little Faun, the halfbreed daughter of his unscrupulous guardian. And when the guardian attempts to defraud him of his lands made valuable by new finds of oil, he dons a dress suit and feigns drunkenness, foiling the villain and winning the girl. In spite of this artificial plot, Mr. Edeson put forth an impressive characterization with quiet force. His company gave him excellent support.

Listed high in the contingent of vaudeville's best known dancers are Adelaide and Hughes, Lucille Cavanagh, Joan Sawyer, Wellington Cross and Bernard Granville. But the last named two have new acts in which they didn't. Perhaps they have adopted the maxim that people like the unexpected. Audiences certainly expect to see these nimble lads do a bit of stepping. Therefore, they don't.

Or with Bernard Granville, perhaps it is deemed a levity unbecoming the serious work of recruiting soldiers. For Mr. Granville has donned the khaki and now makes his vaudeville appearance in the service of Uncle Sam. No more is it the merry old "Bunny" looking as though he had stepped out of a fashion ad, singing and dancing and making jokes as though his heart was as light as his feet.

Now it's Private Granville in uniform who comes dashing in to join the group of soldiers that are seen in the light of a campfire. Arthur Fields, Earl Carroll and Lieutenant Barrell they are—real soldiers, too. And about real war business, too. After one song, a patriotic number, Private Granville talks. It isn't a monologue, it is a straightforward address made in sober earnest and has proved most effective in inducing men to join the 71st regiment.

Far more touching than all the tragedy of the war playlets is this piece of real soldiery. For vaudeville is one of the most patriotic branches of the amusement profession and its roster of headliners has suffered the ravages of war. Now with Mr. Granville yielded to the ranks, vaudeville can feel confident that it has certainly done its bit.

But to turn to dancing and sparkling smiles. In these stern war days there is a keener appreciation of Petite Adelaide than ever before. Worries fade away as she dances the Dresden doll to Johnny Hughes' toy soldier. It is a perfect piece of art, this toy number. Then in the garb of Paul and Virginia, barefooted they flee before the fury of the tempest—not an old-fashioned classical tempest but a modern up-to-date syncopated storm. After a dainty toe dancing number, "The Last Rose of Summer" by Adelaide, there come some unique Indian steps in an unusual arrangement from Mr. Hughes. This pair is marvelously versatile, and they finish with a Chinese fantasy. Special costumes and striking scenery give their artistry a gorgeous setting.

Equally magnificent is Lucille Cavanagh's dancing production. She sets up a fairyland castle with huge gates and therefrom she conjures a wardrobe to make even the most fashionable rainbow-clad ladies of fairyland jealous. There are effects in Russian, Spanish and American—Miss Cavanagh dances in all languages. And there are frocks no nation can claim credit for, sartorial poems of inspiration.

There are songs, too, which Miss Cavanagh delivers in a delightfully distracting out-of-breath manner mingled with apologetic ripples of laughter. Personality always counts, doesn't it? and Miss Cavanagh's is backed by real ability. Two assistants, Paul Frawley and Ted Doner dance and sing in complete harmony with Miss Cavanagh. Indeed there is not a single flaw in the act.

Joan Sawyer, aristocrat of ballroom dances, has acquired new steps, new frocks and new setting. With George Harcourt as partner, she glides through the graceful mazes of two waltzes and a fox-trot, exhibiting three beautiful gowns. Few there are who can wear the purple and fine linen of Parisian modistes with Miss Sawyer's air of distinction. She has all the poise, good looks and slight air of disdain that real queens should have but never do. A violin solo and a piano number, both well played, gave this queen of ballroom dances leisure to make changes and get properly hooked up the back.

NOW where to find new words to tell of the Ford Sisters? For here again is a combination of beauty, talent, fine clothes and spectacular scenery. These young ladies are rightfully heirs to the ability to entertain for they spring from the famous Ford family which served memorably in assisting vaudeville to advance out of "variety."

Edward Marshall, well known in vaudeville for his piano monologues, joins the Misses Ford in this new act and plays for their songs, plays while they change their dresses, and then plays some more because the audience insists. The dancing of the Ford Sisters is a sort of butterfly affair; to Marshall's tinkling notes they flit lightly about the stage which they have decked as beautifully as a summer garden.

Dancing is something of which audiences never tire—and they are now pondering how to coerce Wellington Cross. A fellow that can dance but won't! Isn't there some way to compel him? Applause will not do it; for in response to deafening encores, Mr. Cross strolled out and—started to recite. "All the fellows recite nowadays," he said. After three lines of "Gunga Din" he was shot from the wings—and amid laughter, he slipped away without "shaking a foot."

Perhaps it is because he misses his dainty dancing partner, Lois Josephine, Audiences note with regret that she has temporarily retired from the stage. But Mr. Cross alone is a formidable entertainer. What does he do—just sing and talk. The wag! He strolled out on the stage knitting! And he didn't drop a stitch—the feminine half of the house kept one eye on the needles all the time. Popular, patriotic comic—he sings all kinds of songs, accompanied

Press Ill.

Vaudeville doing its bit—Private Bernard Granville and his comrades of the 71st Regiment, N. Y., who are enlisting many recruits by their patriotic appeal in the two-a-day. Soldiers like the stage, too, for here they are keeping posted on matters theatrical by reading the *Theatre Magazine*

From a portrait, copyright, Ira L. Hill

MRS. VERNON CASTLE IN THE NEW CENTURY REVUE

Her original and beautiful costumes, her new and sprightly dance steps, her personal grace and charm make Mrs. Castle one of the most welcome members of the Century revue, "Miss 1917"

by a pianist who knows just where to pause. And he talks a delightful lot of nonsense. But he won't dance! Do you suppose it is because dancing interferes with the knitting?

Truly Shattuck, in as good voice as in the days when she was the toast of the town, and Emma O'Neil are a combination worthy to claim the laurels of Melville and Stetson. Youth has its charm and thereby usurps high place on the stage. But in the comedy of mature performers there is a richness of humor found nowhere else. This quality have Miss Shattuck and Miss O'Neil in the unctuous Melville and Stetson manner. Their act is an intermingling of songs and talk. The songs range from high class to popular, and their talk—in the parlance of vaudeville "cross-fire," is a lively battle of wits. Only Miss O'Neil must exercise great care not to overdo.

Warm welcome greeted Flo Irwin who brings forward a playlet called "Looks" by Edgar Allan Woolf. Mr. Woolf, who has been one of the most reliable of vaudeville's authors, has lately been devoting himself to musical comedies. Thus "Looks" marks a double return, doubly welcome.

Miss Irwin couldn't do anything uninteresting if she tried. And in this new sketch she presents an eccentric characterization that is a gem. As the fond aunt of an heiress, she foils a fortune hunter at the altar. Then that the wedding veil, breakfast and parson may not be wasted, she proceeds to take over the whole equipment and marry an old suitor who had been proposing regularly for fifteen years. Magnetism, technique and imagination—all these make Miss Irwin's "Aunt" a vignette to remember.

Opinions differ as to the merit of Brenda Fowler's theatrical burst of patriotism called "The Spirit of '76." One either likes it wholeheartedly, or one doesn't like it at all. The characters of the story are undeniably artificial: a mother who is like the stern Spartan who bade her son "bearing your shield or on it," and a son who is the slackest of slackers. A vision of 1776 ancestors wakes his patriotism and he dashes out to enlist. Miss Fowler upholds the sketch by her earnestness and enthusiasm. Though the story isn't convincing—she is.

Harriet Rempel also has an unwieldy vehicle. As a pathetic slum child with cruel, drunken father she has a rôle that people somewhat resent. Their hearts may go out to the ill-treated waif, but nowadays they don't want to worry at the theatre—they come to forget their troubles. And the better Miss Rempel enacts the pathetic youngster, the less pleased they are. It is almost a patriotic duty for vaudevillians to do "cheer up" work. Miss Rempel should turn her talents to adding to much-needed merriment.

Try again is also the watchword for Frankie Fay. Mr. Fay attempts a monologue leavened by songs; he has considerable ability but the act lacks the vaudeville "punch," without which no number can be entirely successful.

HOW THEY GET THEIR STAGE NAMES

By EILEEN O'CONNOR

IF you ask a group of actors how stage folk get their stage names they will look at you in the vague way authors do if you dare to inquire whence come their ideas. If they reply their answer will be as illuminating as that vouchsafed by authors: "O, from the air, anywhere."

It is possible to possess knowledge so vast that it remains unclassified. Perhaps that is what ails the actors who don't know whence come stage names. Let us try to help them. My own cogitations on the subject have revealed that the chief sources of stage names are three: suggestion, association and elimination with substitution.

"Wherewithal shall we be named?" is a question which confronts most players at the outset of their careers. Feeling incompetent to make a choice, and often being pressed by parental objectors to the use of the sacred family name upon the desecrating boards, they call into consultation all who will lend an ear or a suggestion. Follows the stage christening.

Julia Marlowe is of those who summoned aid in the momentous matter of choosing a stage name. Manifestly her own name, Sarah Frost, would not serve. The stage is an exercise ground for the imagination. Sarah Frost was no fitting title for an entrant. Came Ada Dow, her friend and instructor, into conference.

"The name should have a stately sound, for you are beginning a dignified career," mused Miss Dow. "Also it should have the flavor of the classics because you play classic rôles. Marlowe? You like it? Very well. And the first name should be one that blends with and balances Marlowe. And it should have a noble quality to fit your personality. I have it, Julia. I christen thee Julia Marlowe."

By suggestion, too, was Maxine Elliott named. When she who had been Jessie McMermott, and whom her little sister Gertrude familiarly addressed as "Dessie," required a stage name, she was equal to half the task. "A little girl used to go to school with me in Rockland, Maine, whose name I liked. It was Maxine. I might borrow that." To which Augustin Daly is said to have answered: "Names, like ledgers, should strike a balance. A name that will balance Maxine is Elliott." The name denoted well the personality of the woman who, Von Lembach asserted, was the most beautiful in the world. The choice of her stage name has never been among Miss Elliott's regrets. Her former husband, N. C. Goodwin, agreed to its suitability. "Just the name for a Roman Senator," he concurred while his honeymoon shone in the heavens.

Tony Pastor it was who christened Lillian Russell. When the blonde and beauteous seventeen-year-old signed to sing at his Fourteenth Street home of varied entertainment, he asked: "What stage name will you use?

"Don't you like my own, Helen Leonard?" The young luminary made the inquiry with the western directness of a girl from Clinton Ia., by way of Chicago. "Good enough for a home girl, but not for a singer. Let's see. Lillian! Yes, Lillian's good for you. What name will go with it, a name not too long? Yes, Russell. Like it?" She did, and the name has served her since save when she signed a marriage license or a deed to property, real or personal.

Two plump, fair-haired youngsters, Ada and George Campbell, were led into the office of a Buffalo manager. He heard them sing, said they "would do," and to their mother: "What shall we call them?" "What is the matter with their own names," asked the Canadian widow. "Too hard to say," was the veteran manager's objection. "Got to have something with a smooth sound. Better call them the Irwin Sisters. Put short names before Irwin, say May and Flo." In this wise, twenty minutes before the curtain rose on their theatrical career, Georgia Campbell became May Irwin and Ada Campbell was metamorphosed into Flo Irwin.

It was managerial suggestion that gave us Ada Rehan instead of Bridget Crehan. The last was a family contribution, the first Augustin Daly's improvement upon it.

A certain beautiful young girl came from Bloomington, Ill., to Chicago to study dramatic art, and from Chicago to New York to find a place for herself on the stage. She was Maud Light. As Maud Light, a silent girl with deep eyes, I knew her across a Madison Square boarding-house table. But in her search for the place on the stage she grew dissatisfied with her own name. "It has no weight. It sounds like a chorus girl's name," she complained. "I want a longer, statelier name." Hall-room reflections begot the last name, derived from the state and the town which had been her home, "Ill" being inspired by Illinois, "ington" derived from Bloomington. Margaret, you will agree, paired happily with Illington.

By association, or perhaps it were truer to say, by annexation, Josephine Victor secured her auspicious stage name. To the name Josephine she had the indubitable right of infantile christening. But "Victor" she took bodily from her younger brother. "I liked Vic's name and swiped it," is her naive admission.

Maude Adams practised elimination in her adoption of a stage name. Born Kiscadden, and christened Maude Adams, she discarded the Kiscadden as unwieldy for purpose of the stage.

Wilton Lackaye was born Lackay. He added an "e" to the family name and converted the "William" bestowed upon him at the family christening to "Wilton" at the solitary ceremony of his stage baptism.

Maurice Barrymore, not fancying his family name, Blythe, juggled his fancies until he evolved Barrymore, the name destined to become one of the most resplendent of the American stage.

If you are one who waits at the stage door while Margaret Anglin bids some member of her family an affectionate adieu, you will hear her addressed as "Mary." Families do not make mistakes in names. The name of the infant who was born in the Government House in Ottawa, Canada, was Mary Anglin. But when grown to ambitious seventeen, she sought the Mecca of mines, New York, she eliminated and substituted the more imposing Margaret.

The family name "Tout" is reliable but not euphonious. Which was the reason that Margaret Burletson, Paul Ruben's sister, bade Haz of that clan to drop it. The suggestion comir as morning peeped between the shades after a all-night dinner and dance at Paul Ruben home at Maidenhead, Mrs. Burletson suggeste "Dawn."

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WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?

By HOWARD KENNETH GREER

AFTER three years' time the couturières of the world have seemingly exhausted the possibilities of martial influence upon Milady's dress. From marked military lines to the subtler colorings of battle-smoke and threatening sky—from every Allied country some feature has been adapted to feminine wear. Even the vogue for black and white—born in the opening months of conflict—was one of the first examples reflecting the war. In recognition of the men who had fought and bled for her—the woman of fashion skilfully combined the black of mourning and the white of hope and purity. But after a season's buffeting about at the coarser hands of copyists, the combination evolved into stripes and checks that were ludicrous and absurd.

* * *

Long before our entrance into the Great World War, the cloth and cut of our soldiers' and sailors' uniform had been used to advantage in smart suits and frocks of the simpler and severer type. Now that we find ourselves inside the bowl of trouble, it is quite evident that little is left from which to glean inspirations of any novelty. To a certain extent there is something a bit brutal about the imitating of such a serious costume at such a serious time, and while many of the foremost creators grasped reflections from the uniform of every nation, there were a few who tried to make the soldier's few hours of furlough more pleasant by completely removing his thoughts from the field of battle, and clothing his sweetheart in things utterly feminine and dainty. Perhaps the next caprice inflicted upon us will blossom forth from the efforts of the new Camouflage Division of the Army. Universal honor and triumph await the regiment of death, defying camoufleurs who can successfully change Milady's bright green taffeta of two seasons past into a tailored frock for the coming Winter. And for father—perhaps it will mean an epoch of well-earned peace and quiet in his tired life. Mother will not feel called upon to halt the scorching circles of her rapid-fire lorgnettes for the occasional anxious glance at her loved one's ample waist. Daughter can devote her time to the artichoke and alligator-pear, and to sly reconnoitering, with no fear of the inevitable spots that formerly flaunted themselves before her vision when she cast a smile upon her ample paternal-parent. For with father encased in brocade vest and dinner-coat of soup-tone material there is nothing left to prevent the passing of a perfect evening out.

* * *

Gradually now we are slipping back into the rather routined path of Fashion's cycle—that wheel of perpetual motion whose secret workings are revealed only to the masters of Style's Puppet Show—to those artists who pull the

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A LA MATINÉE

Milady was never more charming than when adorned in this afternoon suit of mouse-color velvetine, fairly smothered in its battleship grey fox. The bronze and old blue girdle peeps thru the streamers of old blue satin, which taper into enormous tassels of blue silk and bronze thread

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strings of their enchanting figurettes—"Slaves-o'-Fashion." With but few diversions, style repeats itself every seven years. The general silhouette is perhaps the same, but without a newer relish or more novel garnish, Milady's diurnal delights lose their claim upon her interest. Thru her dress, woman attempts—in a vague way—to conceal or flaunt her innermost emotions. Always it should be an analysis of the self which she strives to be. To follow every caprice is a display of vulgarity but to adapt the novelty to her individuality is an art.

* * *

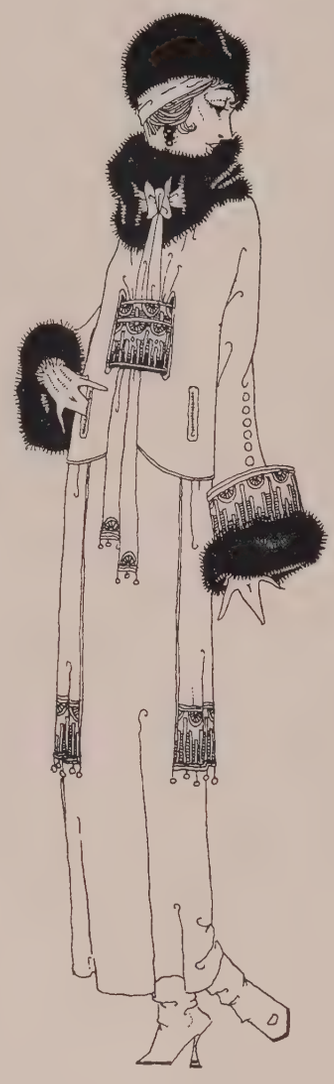
It is always a mad wager to gamble upon the future, but from this established routine, one may forecast with considerable assurance on their regular journey from billowy flounces to the bind of an extremely narrow hem. Skirts have undergone many wild distortions but quite plausible withal, the enormous bustle was the one absent feature which kept the tight bodices, snug sleeves and wide skirts from being absolute replicas of grandmother's day. For diversion the fullness took a stand on either hip and maintained the post season's furore for bouffant draperies. Wary of disclaiming such clouds of material in a single stroke, the fullness quietly subsided and disappeared from the sides into a mere suggestion of the belated but inevitable bustle—which bids fair to be the Winter's fancy.

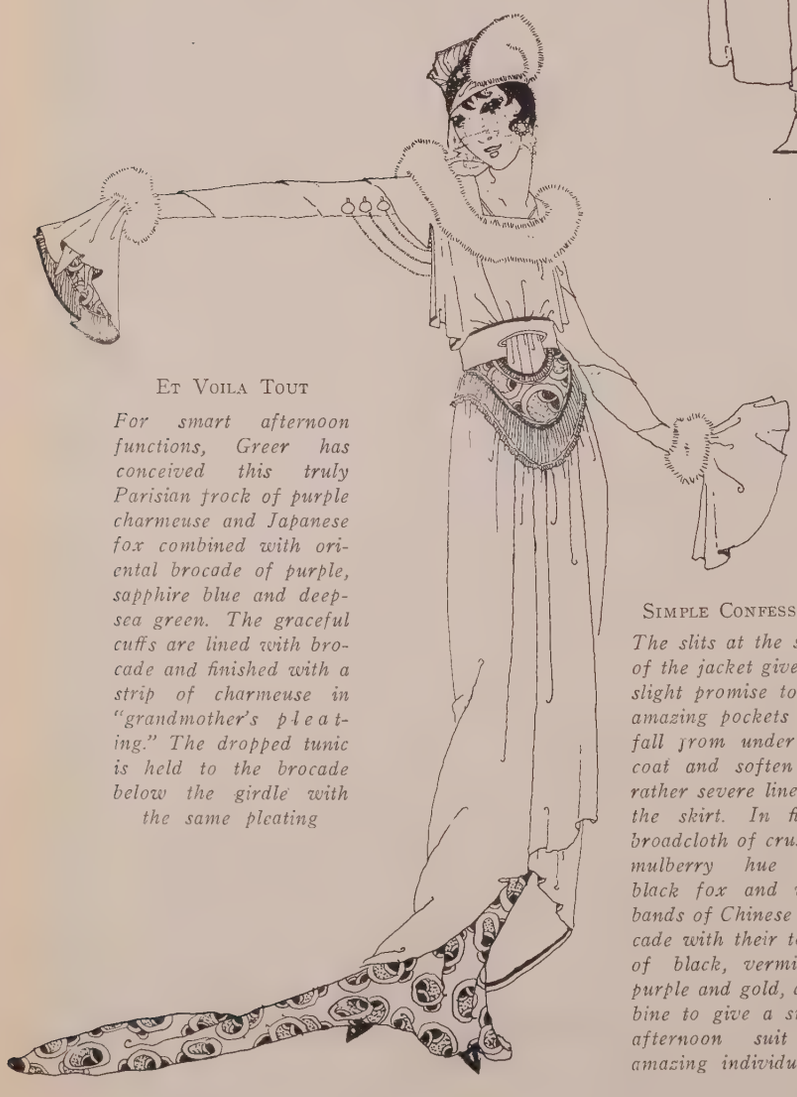
With that gone, we are back to the very narrow "jupe." What next? Hobble skirts? Perhaps! They can be quite beautiful, but there is much more evidence of the elaborate tunic falling over a tightly-draped underskirt—the waistline higher, accompanied by some note of the quite-full sleeve. It is history's consistency of repeating itself—giving us much the same mode as that disported in the closing months of the last World-War, when the beautiful Josephine established the Empire Line, the unsophisticated bodice and narrow skirt, embroidered and decorated with inimitable hand-made flowers of shimmering silk.

* * *

In the evening dresses of the past two seasons have been the shades of frivolous Marie Antoinette, with her foolish little pipings, and silver pecots and satin bows and tufted laces and hand-made flowers—all quite out of bearing with the modern girl who has found her kingdom under the skies rather than beneath gilded ceilings and crystal candelabras and clouds of mellow perfume. At the court of the exquisite Marie Antoinette, woman was, if ever, utterly and infallibly feminine. With her nimble wit upon perfume and snuff, powder and rouge patches and jewels, dazzling buckles and silver heels, she was always a perfect painting touched by a wand that gave it frail but charming life. The existence of such an exotic creature was like that of the hot-house lily, an

(*Concluded on page* 304)



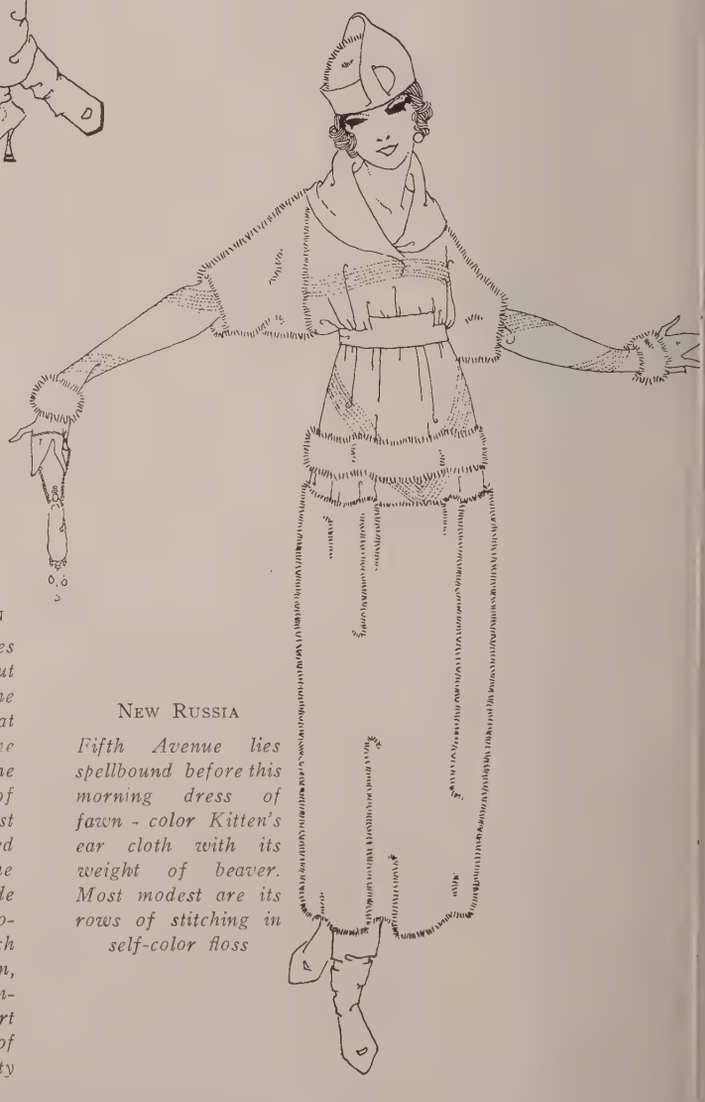


ET VOILA TOUT

For smart afternoon functions, Greer has conceived this truly Parisian frock of purple charmeuse and Japanese fox combined with oriental brocade of purple, sapphire blue and deep-sea green. The graceful cuffs are lined with brocade and finished with a strip of charmeuse in "grandmother's pleating." The dropped tunic is held to the brocade below the girdle with the same pleating

SIMPLE CONFESSION

The slits at the sides of the jacket give but slight promise to the amazing pockets that fall from under the coat and soften the rather severe lines of the skirt. In finest broadcloth of crushed mulberry hue the black fox and wide bands of Chinese brocade with their touch of black, vermilion, purple and gold, combine to give a smart afternoon suit of amazing individuality



NEW RUSSIA

Fifth Avenue lies spellbound before this morning dress of fawn-color Kitten's ear cloth with its weight of beaver. Most modest are its rows of stitching in self-color floss

Maillard

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Ermine

ERMINE AND TOMMY

5th Avenue at 53rd St
New York

ANOTHER OF ANGELINA'S BUSY DAYS

By ANNE ARCHBALD

The beige chiffon Lanvin model from Gidding's that Angelind wore to lunch with Edwin

AND seeing all those wonderful silk materials, Edwin, such a variety, such art in the designs, such weaving was just as stimulating as going to some picture exhibition or other," said Angelina.

"To say nothing of being much more useful," cut in Edwin with a suspicion of malice.

"Certainly," returned Angelina calmly, refusing to be "drawn." Not the slightest breath of argument, she had previously decided, should mar Edwin's few days' leave from the aviation field. "One is only called on to know about pictures at longish intervals and any day you may have to pick out a frock."

* * *

In response to Edwin's, "And what have you been doing with yourself all morning?" Angelina had been telling him across the lunch table about a visit to the big silk house of H. R. Mallinson. How Theresa, who was rehearsing a part for a new Broadway production, had called up that morning and said she was going to Mallinson's to pick out materials for gowns, and she knew how Angelina loved to see things at first hand, and didn't she want to come along. And of how they had gone to Mallinson's and sat in a lovely grey wood cubbyhole, on grey chairs, and a good-looking young man had brought out "the whole place" and displayed it for their delectation on a long grey wood table.

"And such pussy-willows....."

"What's a pussy-willow?" inquired Edwin.

"Why, it's a kind of taffeta, of course, that is there's a pussy-willow satin now too. Pussy-willow, I suppose, as a symbol of things that belong with spring, youth and freshness....." Angelina paused a moment for breath and continued her rhapsody.

* * *

"And such Roshanara crêpes and indestructible voiles, and will o' the wisps and....."

"Stop! explain! A Roshanara?" from Edwin.

"After Roshanara who does the East Indian dances to be sure; it's a very heavy and very wrinkly, curdy kind of crêpe. Would make lovely coat and skirt suits, between you and me."

"And indestructibles?" Edwin continued his catechism.

"Why that explains itself, doesn't it? You can't wear your elbow through the material, for instance."

"Say no more," said Edwin. "Even a mere man can get that. And will o' the wisps? That's a stickler. Why will o' the wisp?"

"Well, what is a will o' the wisp? Something illusive, isn't it? You see you look at a piece of it and you say what perfectly lovely chiffon. No, I mean what lovely marquisette! No, is isn't marquisette either, its..... What is it? And when you learn it's will o' the wisp you see how cunning and clever the name is."

"But I think perhaps I liked the silk and wool poplins the best of all," continued Angelina. "They were such heavenly shades and had the most enchanting Peruvian designs woven into them. Theresa chose a poplin for one of her stage frocks, at my suggestion, a novel shade called "trench" color, as if old gold and khaki and dark brown had all gone into the dye-pot. Oh, I almost forgot to tell you one of the most interesting things we saw,—the "Zodiac" silks, silks for linings in the colors of the stones of the months with the zodiac signs forming an all-over design. Each person, of course, must wear the silk that belongs to her own birthday month. It will bring her lots of luck."

* * *

"Oh, yes, I know, astrology and all that," said Edwin with a sudden definite and eager interest. "I have some friends who talk it by the hour. The great thing, I've heard them say, is 'to have Venus in the right House.' Angelina....."

But Angelina scented danger.

Photo Underwood & Underwood

Lubowska, the Russian dancer, wearing a frock of velvet-striped indestructible voile in American beauty color. Quite outside of its indestructible quality the voile—there's an indestructible chiffon as well—has a wonderful slenderizing effect

The imported coat t Mother finally selected Altman's of a heavy jersey cloth trimmed w dyed coney

"I must run along," she interrupted deft "I promised to meet Mother at Altman's at t I've been talking so much about myself I did notice how late it was. Do hope I haven't bor you, auld dear."

"You've been most interesting," Edwin a sured her emphatically, in which statement I a sure he was perfectly sincere. To any we brought up young man in love each last det concerning his lady is glamorous and a sorbing.

* * *

Besides Angelina was looking more than us ally adorable in a copy of that Lanvin chiff turban that has four rolls around the crown a a flirtatious veil emerging from its top. T silks were an early appointment and Angeli had said "turn about was fair play," and nc Theresa should come with her to Gidding's a see the latest Paris models that she knew we on exhibition there, before they were all snapp up. And there Angelina had found and lc her heart to the Lanvin model—Miss Varde the English actress in "Seven Days' Leave," h one like it in taupe, she was told—and "just h to have it: every perfect lady must have at lea one turban in her outfit," donning it then a there to wear to lunch with Edwin. Moc after model she and Theresa saw, and w *calinerie*—as Madame called it—Angelina induc Theresa to give an order for a copy of the C lot "frileur" or "shivering" model, because it w so deliciously snug and warm one *couldn't* shiv in it, the original a coat-dress of brown broa cloth with a border of lapin going up so hi on the skirt as to meet a deep cape of the lap coming down from the shoulders. Fur hemm the cuffs and covered the buttons of the doub breast. Madame suggested that the copy be black broadcloth and baby lamb as that wou be more striking with Theresa's black hair a white skin.

* * *

Madame showed them the "hostess" gow that they were featuring, Gidding's own cre tions, wonderful *intime* robes of chiffon and v vet, with long flowing lines, between tea a evening gowns, that fit the quieter requiremer of present war-time entertaining.

"I'm going to send Mother for that pur one, Madame," called back Angelina departi

But Mother is waiting at Altman's. Angeli hurrying in breathlessly, found her surround

(*Concluded on page* 306)

"America's Leading Furriers"

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

WITH a rapidly diminishing supply, Fur Administration has become almost as necessary as Food Administration. Fine furs no longer must be wasted. As the foremost fur house in the fur centre of the world, H. Jaeckel & Sons have set a new standard of Utility and Economy in Furs which they commend to fashionable womankind.

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WHAT ARE WE COMING TO

(*Continued from page 300*)

when she ventured forth upon the public thoroughfare, it was but to cover the distance from her coach to her door, and her graceful feet sank into velvet depths. Never did she allow them to touch the pagan cobblestone. But times change—if the world does not—and the girl of following generations began to harbor a restless passion for pursuits without her bounds. Being a woman, she had her own way, and took u; tennis and golf and motoring and flying, and in her new physique she found it impossible to keep the Dresden-like grace of the Dreamy Past. Let us hope it is but a momentary and controlable lapse in her age-bred etiquette and charm, for Fashion will always decree the things of beauty, and the more truly feminine she is, the more appealingly will she carry them.

* * *

In the quaint debutante-like frocks of the Empress Josephine that seem inevitable after the de Pompadour bustles of the present, there is much of femininity—but not such lavish furbelows. The bodice will be but a wisp of tulle or elegant lace, with pipings of pale satin darting in and out, the tiny sleeves ever crisp and fresh in their puffiness and the long tunic falling from the high waistline in soft clinging folds, elaborate at the hem with its appliquéd flowers and scrolls. The petticoat will be the suggestion of fleecy clouds on a summer day, and the wild flowers of the meadow peeping through a delicate almost transparent picture.

* * *

Just as important as the line itself is the color which Milady chooses to wear it in. Shades su able for one occasion are often mo trying and even foreboding on othe To emphasize one emotion, Made oiselle will effect a tone qui ridiculous for any of her numero other moods. History has be made, homes have been wrecke shattered, romance nipped in the bu by the unwise selection of a favor hue. Next month I hope to ski the surface of this Psychology Color, touching upon its really vit effect in our lives.

L'AMOUR DE NAPOLEON

The charm of this luxuriant tea dress lies the exquisite softness of its pastel shades a its seas of swansdown. The tunic of apric satin embroidered in leaves of old rose fa close about the tiers of apricot chiffon and f The bodice of sheerest silver lace is par hidden by the jacket of chiffon and fur. De rose and salmon give a touch of color to t girdle

Next month Mr. Greer will contribute an article on the PSYCHOLOGY OF COLOR. *Every woman who values the preservation of her individuality, not alone in her gowns, but in the appointments of her home, will appreciate the fine points of this wonderfully interesting article. It will be followed by monthly contributions on kindred subjects, by the same author.*

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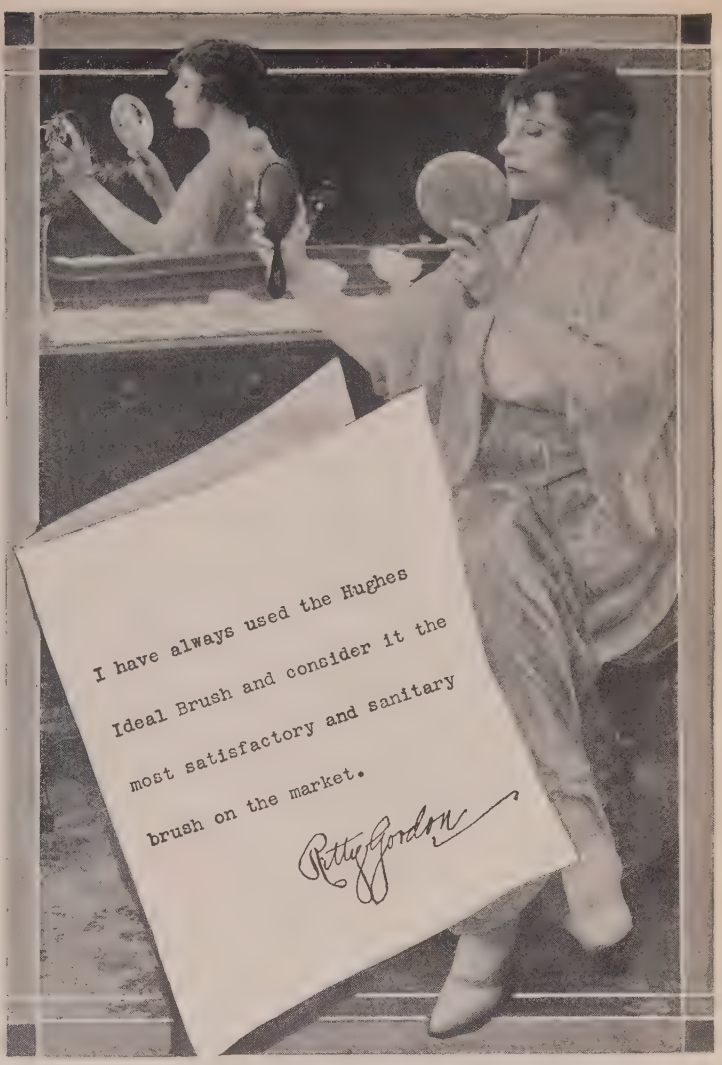
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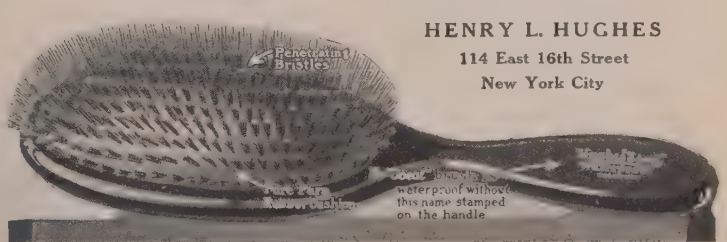

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A copy of Madame Rubinstein's booklet, "Beauty in the Making," will be sent on receipt of 3c stamp to cover postage.

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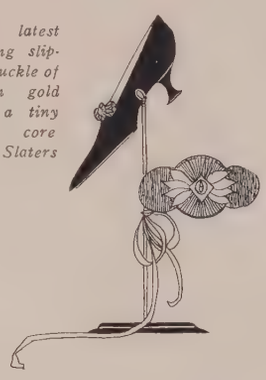
ANOTHER OF ANGELINA'S BUSY DAYS

(Continued from page 302)

with evening coats of every description piled on chairs around her.

* * *

"Shall I have this import of black and white brocaded velvet with the monkey fur trimming, dear?" she appealed to Angelina ("Mother has had a complete change of heart about me," Angelina had explained to Edwin, "she now wants my opinion on everything she gets") "or this domestic model of plum velvet with brocaded flowers of indigo blue, and long mole scarf? Don't you think that's remarkable for an American model? It shows what we can do when we give our minds to it. See the lovely lining of changeable taffeta covered with



The latest evening slipper buckle of woven gold with a tiny silver core from Slaters

plum voile and this facing ribbon of blue and silver running along the hems! Or would you have the Gabrielle of brown velvet with the big capucine hood of coney? I could wear that for both the evening and afternoon and the others are exclusively theatre and opera coats. What do you think?"

* * *

"My vote is for the plum and indigo brocaded velvet," Angelina responded promptly. "It has such an air of unusualness, a coat in a hundred, and you look simply stunning in it."

* * *

"But then I shall have to have another coat for afternoon," protested Mother.

"Indeed you will, old darling," replied Angelina. "And we'll get it right here and now too."

So more coats were produced and after a strenuous debate as to whether "it" should be an imported taupe brown woolen ratine lined with emerald green cloth, with a novel high collar of the green embroidered in colored wools and edged with fur, or a heavy tan jersey cloth with a deep cape and diagonally cut hem of dyed coney, the die was cast in favor of the latter.

"If you'll come with me to Madame Tafel's," said Mother when that was over, "I'll give you tea at the Astor afterwards. Tafel's is just opposite."

Angelina consented willingly.

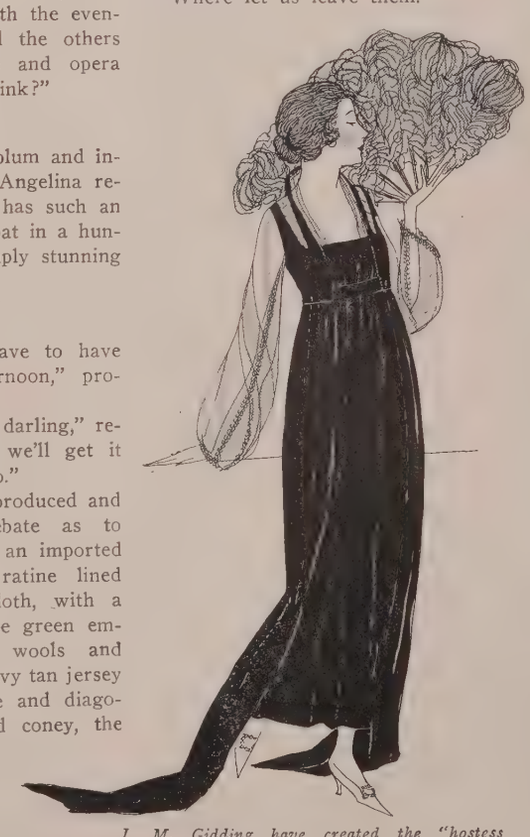
"You've never been to Madame Tafel's, have you?" asked Mother on their way across town in the limousine. "You'll like her. She's Russian, and has a personality. And then you may run across some one interesting to see in her little place. She dresses any number of theatrical and grand opera people. I ran into Mrs. Robert Mantell, Genevieve Hamper, you know, at my last fitting.....and Madame Claudia Muzio is constantly there. Madame Tafel designs all of her clothes."

An imported French corsage bouquet of a red and a green poinsettia and a purple clematis, that Angelina couldn't resist choosing from a counter full, on her way out of Altman's

"How did you happen to go to her, Mother?" inquired Angelina.

"Well, I heard that one of her specialties was managing figures over the hundred and fifty pound line," Mother smiled back. "And then she is paticularly clever about designing a costume that is individual and fashionable at the same time. But here we are."

Where let us leave them.



J. M. Gidding have created the "hostess gown," between a tea and an evening gown, to fill the present-day needs of the more intime entertaining. This one is of a gorgeous purple velvet with two unusual panel trains and a slender line of purplish beads here and there

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Dress Shields

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Impervious to perspiration.
Can be easily sterilized.
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It is with El-Rado that refined women a clean, hairfree underarms of babylike smo ness, so essential to the proper wearin sleeveless gowns or sheer blouses as we for plain, everyday comfort. For weeks fol ing the use of El-Rado you will enjoy a delightful sensation of underarm cleanlines

El-Rado is a liquid, sanitary, colorless, e applied with piece of absorbent cotton. use El-Rado is no more trouble than wa the skin, and quite as harmless—it not stimulate or coarsen later hair gro El-Rado is the safest, most agreeable wa remove hair from the face, neck or arms.

Ask for "El-Rado" hair remover at toilet goods counter. Two sizes, 50c. $1.00. Money-back guarantee.

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DRAMATIC PUB. CO.
542 S. Dearborn St. CHICA

Examine your skin closely. Find out just what is wrong with it. Then read below how you can correct it.

The girl who sighed for a lovely skin

There once was a girl whose sallow, blemished skin spoiled all her pleasure, until one day she learned how she could give her skin the fresh smoothness, the radiant complexion she had always longed for. The secret she learned is one you, too, can learn and use to make your skin as lovely as you want it.

WHAT is the matter with your skin? Are there little rough places in it that make it look scaly when you powder? Is it sallow, colorless, coarse-textured or oily? Is it marred by blackheads and blemishes, or conspicuous nose pores?

Whatever it is that is keeping your skin from being beautiful, it can be changed.

The skin of your face, like the rest of your body, is continually changing. As the old skin dies, *new* forms. By the proper treatment with the right kind of soap you can make this new skin just as fine, clear and fresh-looking as you have always wanted it.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the result of years of study and experience by a *skin specialist*. For thirty years John H. Woodbury made a constant study of the skin. He treated thousands of obstinate skin troubles; made countless skin tests, until he evolved the formula for Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Find below the treatment just suited to your skin, and begin to-night to get the benefit of it for your skin.

If your trouble is an oily skin and shiny nose, make this treatment a daily habit

To correct an oily skin and shiny nose

First, cleanse your skin thoroughly by washing it in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now work up a heavy warm water lather of Woodbury's in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly. Rinse with warm water; then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and before long you will gain complete relief from the embarrassment of an oily, shiny skin.

Troubled with blackheads?

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough wash cloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. Dry the skin carefully.

Do not expect to get the desired results by using this treatment for a time and then neglecting it. But make it a daily habit, and it will rid your skin of ugly, embarrassing blackheads.

Blackheads come from improper cleaning. This treatment will keep your skin free from this annoying trouble

Is your skin "pimply," blemished?

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy "soap cream." Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten or fifteen minutes. Then rinse very carefully with clear hot water, then with cold.

Repeat this cleansing, antiseptic treatment every night until the blemishes disappear.

Send 4c for a week's-size cake and this complete treatment booklet

We have been able to give just three treatments on this page, but you can get them all, together with many valuable facts about the skin, in this little booklet, "A skin you love to touch." For 4 cents we will send you this booklet and a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of any Woodbury treatment. Write to-day. Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., 7500 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.**

If you live in Canada, address the Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 7500 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Disfiguring blemishes need the "soap cream" treatment

For sale wherever toilet goods are sold. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks' use

For the Toilette

SOFT water cleanses much better than hard. Nothing softens water as well as Borax. That's why you should sprinkle a little 20 Mule Team Borax in the water before you take your bath. But

20 MULE TEAM BORAX

is more than a water softener. It is an antiseptic, it keeps the pores free and clean, is an excellent deodorant, refreshes the skin and keeps the complexion clear.

Always use this Borax in baby's bath—it is very soothing to tender skin.

You will find many uses for 20 Mule Team Borax in the kitchen and laundry. Be sure to see the picture of the famous 20 Mules on every package.

All Dealers sell

20 MULE TEAM BORAX

For the Bath

STAGE WOMEN DOING THEIR BIT

(*Continued from page* 282)

motion picture committee. And Mrs. Blackton's dream is not a filmy reality, it is rapidly materializing. With Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Geraldine Farrar and several screen favorites far away from Broadway still to be heard from, Mrs. Blackton's list of subscribers makes one's heart throb with joy. The roll of honor is started with ten one - hundred - dollar subscriptions from ten screen stars—they are Mrs. Sydney Drew, Miss Ruth Roland, Miss Louise Huff, Jackie Saunders, Mrs. Blackton herself and little Violet Blackton and Master Stuart Blackton ("the little Commodore").

TRUST stage women to interest their men folk in such a cause! Naturally, the clever and fascinating actresses who work for the "Relief," as the organization is called "for short," have persuaded all the handsome leading men, all the dignified heavies, and all the magnetic comedians to give shoulder to the big wheel, and Mrs. Blackton has captured the most popular of movie heroes as "Shareholders," in her big ambulance fund. Charles Richman, Tony Moreno, Charles Kent, Conway Tearle, Wilfred Lucas, Cecil de Mille have already won the right to have their names inscribed on the first ambulance, and sweet girl movie fans all over the country, are writing their pet screen actor to know which ambulance calls him "godfather." So, of course all the photo stars who haven't volunteered for this cause may consider themselves conscripted, not by the "Relief" but by the matinée girls who insist that their hero do his bit.

Perhaps you will pay a visit with the THEATRE MAGAZINE to the rooms of the Stage Women's War Relief? As we enter, Edna Aldrich steps beamingly forth to say how do you do. Not for an instant do the busy knitting needles that click in Miss Aldrich's hand, cease their automatic lapping up of the warm grey wool from which she is fashioning a helmet for some lucky soldier.

Our little guide is sister to Mildred Aldrich, whose "Hilltop on The Marne," is concededly the best war book yet written by any woman.

"The tall girl at the first table is Gladys Hanson," says Miss Aldrich, and she is helping Ina Claire to fill Frances Starr's place while Miss Starr is on the road. Louise Closser Hale (doesn't she look lovely in the Relief uniform?) and Mabel Frenyear, Dorothy Donnelly, Jessie Bonstelle, Mabelle Adams, Margaret Mayo, Blanche Bates and Margaret Illington are rolling bandages at the next table, and Zoe Appleton who in a way stands for Maxine Elliott, since she is the daughter of George Appleton, manager of Miss Elliott's theatre and associated during Maxine Elliott's entire career as a star, with the first of all American stage women to do valiant feminine war service."

DEMURE Irene Fenwick, Louise Drew who is treasurer of the organization, Eleanor Gates, Laurette Taylor, Elsie Janis, Virginia Harned (Miss Harned has just turned over a big crop of potatoes as her very practical contribution to the fund, and now the girls are selling off the precious tubers before friend Hoover puts a war price on them,) and Margot Gordon are knitting away with active enthusiasm and the two dashing Nash girls, Phoebe Foster and Irene Franklin knit or sew, roll bandages or fill comfort kits with an enthusiasm that nothing can blunt. And while all these activities —and more—for fifty stage favorites are hard at work this afternoon in the big cheerful room are going on, a group of a dozen diligent knitters at a side table are conjugati French verbs under the tutelage Madame, a dearly loved Parisienr who teaches conversational Fren while her flying fingers turn out sorts of surgical hospital suppli every afternoon.

Other classes, too, have be formed within this organization, ea equipping the young workers wi something that helps the stay-a home woman to do her bit for h country.

Are you an actress? Have y joined the "Relief"?

If you haven't you have let an o portunity for fine service slip pa you, and there's no better mome than the present to remedy the omi sion.

DRAMA A LA CARTE

(*Continued from page* 288)

THE PUNCH
I'll be right on the job.
(*There comes a roar of laughi from off stage.*)
STAGE MANAGER
(*Rubbing his hands in great sat faction.*) Comic Relief is deliveri the goods all right, all right. you fellows put the same ginger your work, this show is going smash all Broadway records.
LOVE ELEMENT
(*Timidly*) Er—pardon me, s but what arrangements have b made about Real Drama?
STAGE MANAGER
(*Sharply*) What do you mean?
LOVE ELEMENT
(*Apologetically*) He's dead, y know.
STAGE MANAGER
(*Carelessly*) Oh, by Jove! so is. I've been so busy that I'd fo gotten all about him.
UPLIFT
Rather awkward, having his r mains in the theatre, isn't it?
STAGE MANAGER
(*Frowning*) Damned awkwar But it won't be for long. W bury him to-morow. (*Hesitating*) Er—would you fellows mind acti as pallbearers?
LOVE ELEMENT
THE PUNCH
UPLIFT
(*All speaking together*)
We'll be delighted!
STAGE MANAGER
(*Sighing with relief*) Good! Tl that's settled.
CURTAIN

NATURE DANCING

OUT into the great out of doo Monsieur Vestoff and M Serova have taken the greatest c ation of their art—Nature Danci

Nature Dancing is in itself a sponse to the great lyrical rhyt that nature breathes everywh throughout her wide domain. Ev living creature of the wild breat and moves in an unconscious stinctive rhythm;—that harmony a grace of movement which m mortals are too timid to expres

From the teaching of Natu Mlle. Serova and M. Vestoff h gleaned the principles of a n school of Terpsichore. Yet wh Nature Dancing is in itself freed and an unforced and spontane interpretation of any given thou or expression, it is diametrically posed to that careless, meaning fleeing and leaping which amateu dancers call by that name.

M. Vestoff and Mlle. Serova authors of unusual and beautiful terpretative Dances and Stud These not only develop the exp sion of the body, but pantom and dramatic interpretation forr vital part of the work. The Vest Serova School has been more t successful with this beautiful bra of their invention and teaching.

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That it has the delicate mellowness of old elephant ivory is but one attribute of Ivory Py-ra-lin.

There is in this exquisite all-American product a richness a beauty—a weightiness—such as always distinguishes the solid from the sham—an atmosphere of quality recognizable instantly to the connoisseur.

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LISTERINE

The Safe Antiseptic

to use as a gargle for quick relief from hoarseness and throat irritations.

This Autumn

The favored frock for afternoon with sleeves of chiffon and ample armholes is one more reason on Fashion's list to use

Evans's Depilatory

This powder, applied occasionally, will keep the underarm attractively smooth. (There's no *safe* way to remove superfluous hair once and for all.)

50c. Complete with convenient outfit for applying. At your own drug- or department-store. Money back for the asking.

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By KAHN and VAN ALSTYNE

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A "PEACH" OF A SONG

"Some Sunday Morning"
By KAHN—EGAN and WHITING

AN OVER NIGHT SONG HIT

"So Long, Mother"
By RAYMOND EGAN—GUS KAHN—EGBERT VAN ALSTYNE

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TAX ON THEATRE TICKETS

(Continued from page 263)

when the bill was passed and the laws are construed as nearly as possible by the intent of the law-making powers. Would it be violating the law for the management to pay the tax since it says that the excess shall be paid by the purchaser and the manager is practically the assessor and collector? Some good lawyers have contended that we cannot pay this tax ourselves. I question the accuracy of that decision. The clause was put in the bill to give the manager an opportunity to distribute the burden equitably among all theatregoers, but if the manager volunteers to substitute himself for the purchaser and the Government gets the full revenue it does not seem to me that there will be any objection no matter who pays the revenue so long as the Government gets it.

Naturally there will be considerable confusion in the early days of the execution of this new plan of taxation, but no doubt there will be elasticity in the Treasury Department's construction in the carrying out of its plans and a little while will adjust the matter, so long as the Government gets the full revenue to which it is entitled under the Theatre Admission clause of the bill.

KEEP ON SMILING

To the Editor of THE THEATRE:
Sir:

Dr. Crane's editorial in a recent issue of THE THEATRE in defense of the stage in war time has prompted me to send you the enclosed little circular issued by one of the political parties here during a "wet" and "dry" election. One of the officials assured me of the truth of the statements. Moreover it would not be hard for me to believe in their accuraey, since I have seen little towns here so chemically pure that they even class the playing of billiards among the deadly sins and forbid it in public.

To these people who exist in vast numbers, the theatre, and the dance are the most frightful forms of vice—the actors belong to the cohorts of Hell, the spectators cannot fail but be contaminated. I have often wondered if we Americans have no wit, that we cannot penetrate this state of mind, and reduce to their rightful level of ridicule these masculine heroes of the ladies' morning clubs, who owe their glory to the firm stand they took against the violation of the law in the use of rum in mince pie, or the forcing of ballet girls to hide the shameful nakedness of their lower limbs in skirts of more respectable length.

However, most of these people,—these prohibitionists of everything—have had their negativeness well repaid by the loss of the art of smiling, in becoming mean, and in hating almost everything. There is great truth in what Dr. Crane says about the need of the stage in war time. I believe not only the stage, but also music and all other pleasing forms of illusions should be cultivated and not only in war time but all the time. A civilization that cannot smile during "business hours" is in a bad state.

EDWIN PETERSEN.

Altadena, Cal.,
Oct. 10, 1917.

The circular to which our correspondent refers gives the substance of a letter alleged to have been sent by Mr. Herman Trent, superintendent of the New Jersey Anti-Saloon League to the New York *Sun*. Among other things Mr. Trent is reported to have said:

"If I had my way I would not only close up the saloons and the race-tracks; I would close all tobacco shops, confectionery stores, delicatessen shops and other places where gastronomic deviltries are purveyed—*all theatres* and bathing beaches."

NEW BOOKS

THE AMERICAN GOLF GUIDE AN
YEAR BOOK. 1917. Edited by P. C
Pulver. The Angus Company: New
York.

THIS book contains a directory t
all the clubs in all the States. I
also covers Canada, with all th
regulations and privileges. It give
winners and scores and the rules o
the game. Every essential informa
tion may be found in it, including
the names of actors prominent i
golf circles. There are forty-nin
portraits and a map of the clubs i
and near New York. It answer
its purpose fully.

COMEDIES OF WORDS. By Arthu
Schnitzler. Five Short Plays. Stew
art & Kidd Company: Cincinnati.

EVER since the production o
"Anatol," at The Little Theatr
the name of Arthur Schnitzle
has been held to represent some
thing new in drama—fresh treat
ment, penetrating psychology, gaiet
and a revelation of the free an
careless life in Vienna. Free i
deed, careless indeed! "Anatol" wa
a succession of the adventures of
libidinous bachelor with girls, us
ally met on the street, of an am
able and accommodating nature. Th
little plays were clever. They we
smart and of the Viennese sma
set. "Liebelei" so far has been h
best play. It took up the seriou
results of a liaison between a st
dent and a girl of an accommodati
disposition, in which she, we believ
commits suicide and he is killed
a duel. Similar psychological stu
ies are in the five plays of this vo
ume.

"The Hour of Recognition" co
cerns the husband's admission
wife that he has known for sever
years that "their" daughter is n
his. She leaves, whether to go
her daughter or her former lov
is not clear—indeed of no cons
quence, psychological or otherwis
In "The Big Scene" an actor te
a man a lie about what his relatio
had been with the fiancée of th
man. Everybody in the play is a
commodating. "The Festival of Ba
chus": A woman is about to r
off with her lover, but the arriv
at the station of the husband see
to defer that event. No doubt the
will be a sequel to this adventure
which she completes her adventu
Literature": A wife has written
novel in which she has used lo
letters between her and a form
participant in an affair. He vis
her; it is discovered that both, ha
ing written a novel, have used t
same letters. "The Helpmate":
man's wife has just died. The sa
old story. Yes, Herr Arthur Schni
ler is very psychological and ga

HOW TO PRODUCE AMATEUR PLA
By Barrett H. Clark. Little, Bro
and Company: Boston.

MR. CLARK, indefatigable in t
translation of plays and in v
umes of Commentaries on Fren
British and American drama, v
umes of interest and usefuln
among books that are made, has
"How to Produce Amateur Pla
an excellent manual. It is practic
His list of plays suitable for an
teurs will save much anxious
search for material and keep cl
busy for many a day. His th
chapters on rehearsing give the pr
ess of thought for that kind
work. Its ten chapters are enlig
ening, and the book as a short m
ual is excellent, one that should
useful if not indispensable to ev
amateur director.

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE JOYFUL YEARS. A novel by
T. Wawn. New York: E. P. D
ton and Co.

CHRISTINE. By Alice Cholmonde
New York: The Macmillan C
pany.

TOO MUCH EFFICIENCY. By E.
Rath. New York: W. J. Watt

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People of culture, refinement and education invariably PREFER Deities to any other cigarette.

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Silverberg Import Co., 239 4th Ave., N. Y.

THE WELL GROOMED MAN IN EVENING DRESS

By BEAUNASH

MEN'S fashions this Autumn and Winter are a sort of *pot au feu* into which everything has been tossed and left to stew; an *omnium gatherum* of oddments and remnants borrowed alike from the kit of the new soldier and that of the old beau; a gallimaufry, which defies code or classification.

Civilian and military fashions are crossing swords, like two rival orchestras, one playing Schubert's Serenade against Mendelssohn's Spring Song, or like the syncopated phonograph in the apartment below disputing the freedom of the high C's with the tintinnabulant pianola in the apartment above.

All the world seems soldier-struck, copying his set-up shoulder-swing, swagger stick and swank. Yet, there are many distinctly civilian fashions, and contemporaneous evening dress shows few traces of that martial influence which is so noticeable in town and field clothes.

* * *

With the high priests of fashion in London giving but the sketchiest attention to "cits" during the last few years, it is natural that evening dress should fetch next to no innovations. Only this season, the tension having eased, are changes of consequence by way of being made.

Another factor which has proved a set-back to the remodeling of the cut of ceremonious evening clothes is the widespread adoption of the Tuxedo jacket, even in London's sacrosanct set, in deference to the less formal *zeitgeist*.

At the theatres and dining places, where smart people go, it was a rarity to see the swallowtail until this Autumn. One did not wear it, perhaps, because it smacked of the gilded "silly awss," hunting tufts at a time when the lion was rampant and England was calling its manhood to the colors.

* * *

In the stuffs for evening dress this season the patterns run the gamut—baratheas, bird's-eye weaves, pebbled effects, diminutive blocks, shadow stripes and newest of all, a series of checks super-imposed upon the design, a delicate and difficult task for the loomsman.

Mark you, all these are executed in black upon black, or in blue-black upon blue-black. Sometimes the fabrics reveal glints of purple or gray by daylight, which, however, turn raven-black by electric light.

En passant, evening suitings should never be chosen in the sun, but should be judged under artificial light, as the shade is prone to shift and show up murky or dun-colored at nightfall.

A smart range of "lint-proof" West of England stuffs is said to repel dust by virtue of a special process in weaving. Such materials would particularly befit dining out, when napkin and cloth leave their telltale traces upon the nap of one's coat.

* * *

The fashionable swallowtail coat of the hour is a longish, close-draping affair, which curves to waist and back and terminates in a rather full-fold spread of skirt, either rounded off or spade-shaped. It does not fit the figure as the skin fits the grape, but neither must there be any hint of slackness across the blades.

This coat has natural shoulders, not vulgarly "built up"; a step or notch collar; converging front buttons and broad, soft-rolling deep-lying lapels, satin-faced to the edge, (sometimes corded silk) which swing inward at or below the waistline. The sleeves, plain, welted or turned-back, taper from the elbow down and flare, bell-like, over the cuff.

In London, it is the mode to have the peaked waistcoat points protrude below the cross-cut of

Evening Dress in the latest mode from Finchley

the coat. In America, both are about on a parity. The waistcoat opening outlines the contour of an elongated V, is slightly higher than hitherto and fits at the waistline with a marked groove or ridge, thence springing outward.

To sum up, the swallowtail coat fits with the utmost snugness at certain central points, like waist and back, but otherwise has a flowing freedom of drop and an easy fullness of drape.

* * *

Evening waistcoats are cut of white cotton, linen or *Marseilles,* plain or *piqué,* as well as of brocaded or embossed silks of so thick a texture and so hefty a weight, that they greatly resemble linen.

The cut of one's waistcoat is a matter of preference, rather than propriety, and much depends upon the wearer's physique and, whether or not, his hills and valleys be correctly placed.

Your waistcoat must fit as tightly as com patible with the perfectly natural wish to kee on breathing. Nevertheless, as the French hav it: *"Il faut souffrir pour être a la mode"*—on must suffer to be in fashion, and there you are

* * *

During the last two years, the tendency i fashion has been toward cutting evening trouser rather straight, with a slight forward flex a the bottom over the instep.

This is the smartest effect, as it expunge the ugly line of demarcation between the en of trousers and the beginning of boot, makin both melt into one.

To be sure, this style is in no sense obliga tory. It is simply of the mode and of th moment, if you are mindful of the hair-splittin *minutiae* of evening dress as they are practise by the citizen of the world, edition for No vember, 1917.

Evening gloves may be of white *glacé* ki white buck, white military cape or white *suède* with plain backs of silk embroidered in white o black.

The white or pearl-white *glacé* affair is th only one permissible at formal functions; whil the others are street or theatre gloves o limousine gloves.

A former style of glove, which is being r vived, is buttonless in the mode known as th English "slip-on." You draw it up and let th leather crease comfortably over the wrist. Not ing to fasten or fumble with.

* * *

White evening ties may be square, pointe rounded or forked at the ends. Perhaps th latest and smartest is narrow and straight, bei worn under the lap-front collar and giving o a rather foreign look, which is not disagre able.

With the higher cut of the evening waistco the solitaire button on shirts is again in vog for those few who can carry it off with *aplom*

The proper silk hat has the London bel crown and curled brim; not too exaggerated. T French form with the tapering crown and le brim is as *passé* as last year's almanac.

* * *

Swagger sticks to accompany evening clot are of black ebony with a sunken gold cap, wh is not visible unless you look directly do Some have pencil holder inserts.

Mufflers may be knitted or of flat silk in wh or pearl, or the new Paisley and tapestry p terns from the East.

* * *

Such are the smart accompaniments of ev ing dress which enrich the melody, for it is "big, little" details that lend *ton* to the w turned-out man.

A tie knotted by ten thumbs; a shirt-fr which bellies out like a sail puffed by an im breeze; a collar which gives the wearer pl chins—these things are flies in the amber well-groomed contentment.

At Home With Thoroughbreds

Those characteristics of the thoroughbred—fine "metal" and stamina—are inherent in the Willys-Knight motor.

The quiet, soft, smooth, powerful motor is a delight to drive.

It responds so willingly, acquires greater and greater efficiency as it devours the miles, and reaching top efficiency *stays* efficient, with rarely ever any adjustment or repair, for thousands and thousands of miles beyond the useful life of any other type of motor.

No other type of motor is capable of such high average efficiency or of such continuous uninterrupted service.

For all other types of motors begin to give way to carbon troubles, cylinders must be cleaned and valves reseated every few thousand miles.

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Limousine Town Car

BRINGING MUSIC TO THE PEOPLE

Charles D. Isaacson

LONG before "civilization" dominated the world's history, Music was a definite part of the lives of the meanest of people. But, in the evolution of things, somebody or other decided that Music didn't belong to the ordinary man and woman, but that it was, by some God-given right, assigned to a small, very exclusive and highly developed type of person known as the "music lover."

A revolution is taking place. Music is going back right where it belongs. That elite circle is being broken into. The people, as a whole, are taking Music and finding that it is not something that needs a scientific, algebraical, mathematical, geometric explanation; that it needs no translator; that it is not to be reached only through didactic discussions.

Theatre Magazine will hereafter be the platform from which the new revolutionary spirit of Music will speak.

MUSIC FOR EVERYONE

Edited by CHARLES D. ISAACSON

will appear here, in Theatre Magazine, next month.

Mr. Isaacson has been the champion of the new spirit. He has always maintained that everybody really wants Music; that Music can really be given to everybody. To him, a composition is merely a reflection of a composer's life, whims, hopes, accidents, disappointments.

The music of Mendelssohn is what it is, because Mendelssohn lived as he did, and was born in the environment that gave him to the world. Tschaikowsky, is morbid tragedy, and so is his music. Gluck was sick and tired of the pendantry and foolishness of his day, and hence his music is bold and free.

Mr. Isaacson, in talking of composers and their music, treats it from the purely human side. He is for new artists—reputations do not mean anything compared to true ability, and the rising personage in composition is always given a ready ear.

The most eminent artists in America are friends of Mr. Isaacson and his work, and have given of themselves to move forward the great idea.

You will be interested in "Music for Everyone" whether you are an artist—whether you are the merest layman, because it is going to show you how art and the public can get together. And if you are one seeking to bring Music into the lives of your family, you will follow our "Music for Everyone" religiously.

In addition to the informative articles, and intimate sketches of great musicians, there will appear kindly, broad-visioned comments on existing musical events—a new kind of criticism, in fact.

BEGINNING IN NEXT MONTH'S THEATRE MAGAZINE

And here's a little bit of advice to you. Always carry a few packages of Adams Pepsin Gum and chew it often. It will keep your stomach in perfect trim and will help you keep a cool head in the thick of battle. Your job will be here, when you come back, Jack.

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Four subscriptions for the price of three. Send us $10.50 and we'll send the THEATRE MAGAZINE to three of your friends, and one to yourself, or the four to your friends

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MOTION PICTURE SECTION

Edited by MIRILO

Photos White

O T I S S K I N N E R

The screen's latest recruit who will appear under the direction of Herbert Brenon in Edward Knoblock's "Kismet"

MIRILO GOES TO THE MOVIES

What's Wrong with Goldwyn Pictures?

THE much talked of Goldwyn stars and Goldwyn pictures have proved the old adage, "Much Ado About Nothing." After seeing the first four releases, viz.: "Polly of the Circus," "The Eternal Magdalene," "Baby Mine" and "Fighting Odds," this conclusion is an easy one to reach. It may be another case of too many cooks spoiling the broth.

Looking over the roster of Goldwyn stars it is evident that that company has gambled considerably with dramatic talent whose picture value was in doubt. Goldwyn announced the following stars: Mae Marsh, Madge Kennedy, Mary Garden, Maxine Elliott and Mabel Normand. Of these six, Mae Marsh and Mabel Normand are picture stars. Jane Cowl's experience in pictures has been extremely limited. The one picture that I recall entitled "The Garden of Lies" did not create a sensation. Madge Kennedy and Maxine Elliott were unknown screen quantities. Madge Kennedy may be said to have made good. Of Mary Garden we are yet to hear.

Mae Marsh's picture, "Polly of the Circus," which was Goldwyn's first release, was disappointing. As far as could be seen a great many faults were directly traceable to direction. It may be mentioned at this moment that Goldwyn has no directors of note on its staff. If they have, they have been hiding them under a bushel for their names have not appeared prominently in the advertising matter. Coming back to "Polly of the Circus," most of the scenes were taken at such a distance that they were hard to distinguish. The picture of the circus girl riding around the arena may be Mae Marsh and again it may not. There is entirely too much of the circus in the picture and not enough of the star. And in attempting to be too artistic the director and his aids have missed their aim. But what is lacking most are the delightful mannerisms of Mae Marsh so well brought out in the past by Griffith.

At the present moment Goldwyn's best bet seems to be Madge Kennedy. Miss Kennedy is a natural screen artist. Yet in "Baby Mine" the story far overshadowed the star. Miss Kennedy should be brought out in stories of the Fairbanks type. If she is, we predict great success for her.

The least said about "The Eternal Magdalene" the better. As a picture it is a distortion of a wonderful story. I understand that both Philadelphia and Chicago have objected to the showing of this picture. After seeing it, I can readily understand their objection. Maxine Elliott plays a "walking part." "The Eternal Magdalene" was no picture from which to judge of Miss Elliott's ability as a screen performer, but "Fighting Odds" proves that Maxine Elliott's place is on the speaking stage.

RIALTO. "MAGDA," with Clara Kimball Young.

"Magda" is the first of the Clara Kimball Young pictures produced by that star's personal organization and presented by the Select Pictures Corporation. "Magda" was adapted for the screen by Margaret Turnbull from Herman Sudermann's drama and directed by Emile Chautard.

I have always maintained that Clara Kimball Young is in a class by herself in so far as interpretive expression is concerned. In "Magda" Miss Young proves no exception to this contention. The story is an intensively dramatic one and withal a human one true to life in many cases, where a dominating father contends that he is lord and master of all he surveys and who happens to have a daughter who disagrees with him. An excellent cast supports Miss Young and Mr. Chautard's direction is excellent. The finish of the picture itself is its one weak spot. "Magda," with Clara Kimball Young, should prove a drawing card anywhere.

* * *

STRAND. "BAB'S DIARY," with Marguerite Clark.

"Bab's Diary," with Marguerite Clark, is a Famous Players-Paramount production, and is the first of a series of incidents in the life of a sub-deb. These stories, written by Mary Roberts Rinehart, appeared some time ago in the *Saturday Evening Post*. They make excellent picture material and with Marguerite Clark as Bab prove unusually good entertainment. The subtitles are particularly funny, and the good, clean comedy produced between them means that the motion picture fan has an enjoyable hour in store for him.

* * *

ASTOR HOTEL. "THE PUBLIC DEFENDER," with Frank Keenan, Alma Hanlon and Robert Edeson.

"The Public Defender" is presented by Harry Raver, and was written by Mayer C. Goldman and Frank W. Harris of the New York Bar, scenario by Frederick Rath and the production staged by Burton King. "The Public Defender," as a picture, is a good idea badly executed. The idea back of "The Public Defender" is a plea for justice in our Criminal Courts where the State's attorney is more often a persecuting rather than a prosecuting attorney. The cast of "The Public Defender" has been picked out evidently for the commercial value that the names of Keenan, Hanlon and Edeson might bring to any picture. If they were chosen from any other standpoint a deplorable mistake has been made, for Frank Keenan as the District Attorney is twenty years too old for the part, Alma Hanlon is by no means convincing, and Robert Edeson's hardest work is breaking automobile speed laws. There is little continuity to the story and in many parts it is exceedingly jumpy. The picture has been plentifully padded and the finish leaves the viewer in a chaotic condition as to just what he has actually seen. Sitting through "The Public Defender" is more or less a waste of time.

* * *

GLOBE THEATRE. "ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP" with Virginia Lee Corbin and Francis Carpenter.

William Fox's second offering of kiddie pictures, entitled "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," proved an even more fascinating and delightful entertainment than was "Jack and the Beanstalk." Those same delightful youngsters of "Jack and the Beanstalk," Francis Carpenter and Virginia Lee Corbin, appear in the leading rôles of this picture. C. M. and S. A. Franklin are the directors of "Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp," and they have scored several clever effects new in picture production.

The story is familiar to everyone, and the scenario of the same by Bernard McConville is creditable. The music, too, as arranged by George M. Rubinstein, adds much to the charm of "Aladdin and th Wonderful Lamp."

* * *

LYRIC THEATRE. "CLEOPATRA with Theda Bara.

Theda Bara, after "vamping through much modern fiction, ha been gently but none the less firm propelled back several decades b the far-reaching hand of Willia Fox, and now if you want an int mate glimpse of the first vampir a visit to the Lyric Theatre wi impart knowledge and considerab enjoyment of a subject never old.

"Cleopatra" will be a successf picture for several reasons. Firs the direction of Gordon Edwards well nigh perfect. He has handle a difficult subject with great ski for the picture version of "Cle patra" could easily have been spoile by the interpolation of more batt scenes and less of Theda Bara. Th lady has interpreted the rôle Cleopatra in a masterful and as di nified a way as was possible. A Cleopatra, Theda Bara wears little as the law allows, but what sl does wear is startling in the e treme. The dress of the entire pr duction may be said to be mo elaborate. Money has been spe without stint and the settings some instances come under the hea ing of stupendous.

Theda Bara in "Cleopatra" is c verting amusement of a high orde

Paula Lee (Dorothy Dalton) becomes the mistress of Fielding Powell, the artist, and enjoys the attendant luxuries of her position. All this happens in "The Price Mark"

Edna Goodrich, the Mutual star and former wife of Nat Goodwin, in a particularly attractive pose

This is how Vivian Martin looks in "Molly Entangled," a Paramount picture. To change Vivian's expression, the tangle will have to be unravelled

Mary Miles Minter, the lovable, hugable, kissable, American-Mutual star

You will derive double enjoyment from Petrova Pictures if you read the story versions in the McClure magazine for women, The Ladies' World.

TEN CENTS

Petrova's Photodramas appear in story form in

THE LADIES' WORLD

Madame Petrova will also contribute to The Ladies' World a series of short articles on dramatic expression.

AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

CLOTHES—CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG—AND MORE CLOTHES

IF it is a true saying that "Clothes make the man," it is a no less true one that they go a long way toward making the photoplay star, and, indirectly, the photoplay. And yet, while one hears and reads a great deal concerning where the director of a big feature film unearthed that beautiful hand-carved table which stands in the foreground during scene number seventeen, and how many days the research department spent going through huge volumes to ascertain the exact customs of the time of Rameses Second, or to find out in just what order the trees were planted back in the Garden of Eden, one somehow is told very little about how the star stood for hours to get the correct drape to the garments for the Rameses Second story or the many places she went before she found her fig-leaves for the Garden of Eden picture. Nevertheless, the clothes worn in a photoplay are every bit as important as are the settings for that photoplay—in fact, they are a part of the setting. Just as it is necessary to have a certain type of chair or table or decoration to conform to the requirements of the script, so it is necessary that what the player wears fit naturally and artistically into the scheme of things.

* * *

I do not wish you to think that I consider the matter of dress on the speaking-stage an unimportant item. It is, on the contrary, a very important one, but it is, I believe of even greater importance for the player who works before the camera. For if, after the first or second stage performance of a play the critics or the friends of the actress decide that there is something wrong with a costume, that just a touch here or a bit of color there will help, that touch or that bit of color can easily be added. With the screen player, however, it is another matter. Once a film is made, it is a lasting record which nothing can change. And, contrary to the popular belief that the camera glosses over defects, its powerful lens is sure to find and to bring into prominence unsuspected flaws of every description. True, the photoplayer has one big advantage which the "legitimate" actress has not—that is the opportunity to see herself pretty nearly as others see her on the screen. If she is wise she will study herself there, critically examine her coiffure, her gown, her make-up, even to the smallest detail, and try to profit by any mistakes she will so discover. Many's the time I have sat in a darkened projection room wondering how I ever permitted myself to be inveigled into choosing so unbecoming a neck line and why, oh why hadn't I listened when my mother advised against that high belt? Of course, I never repeated those offences, but that particular collar and that horrible belt weren't helped at all. They were flashed before millions of people before I had an opportunity in my next picture to prove that I had learned better.

* * *

For with me rests the responsibility for the choice of my costumes. What the majority of other screen actresses do in these matters, I don't know, but I do know that I personally attend to the selection of every article of my own wearing apparel. No sooner is the script given into my hands for a new picture, than I began to plan how I am going to dress my part, and to formulate as clearly as possible a working plan for getting such things as I will need. After this is done I consult with my director. He, of course, is in entire authority over the making of the picture, and his must be the final word in all matters pertaining to its production. Usually in the matter of clothes we find that two heads are better than one and that by exchanging ideas we arrive at some entirely new and better effects, and then the actual work of assembling the materials and the costumes begins. As you can readily understand, some plays are very much more difficult to costume than others. For what we term "costume" plays—those in which the action takes place at some earlier date, or in which the player portrays a character of a foreign nationality—the task is a rather complicated one. We keep at the studio a set of costume books which give in detail the dress and costumes of people of every conceivable period and nation. These my director and I carefully consult, until we arrive at a definite conception of what the required costume must look like. It is extremely difficult at times to obtain materials which will show up as the clothes of the desired period or land should. Often they cannot be duplicated in modern or domestic weaving, and a search must be made for the nearest thing similar to it which will do. Gloves, hats and shoes for such a costume must usually be made to order, all of which entails an enormous amount of time, expense and nervous energy.

But even to dress a modern "society" drama well a great deal must be considered. It would appear that anyone familiar with the elements of good dressing should be able to handle such costuming in short order, but in reality the detail work is enormous.

* * *

Color in motion picture photography is a particularly tricky element. White is never used over a large surface, as under the treatment given it by the camera it gives off a glow similar to that of clean snow under the glare of strong sunlight. Collars, cuffs and minor trimmings, however, may be white if so desired. To obtain an effect of white in the finished picture a pale pink is usually employed in the studio. Lavender is apt to film a gray-white and tan in the majority of cases comes out on the screen pretty near its original color. Light colors do surprising things before the camera, while dark ones frequently appear nothing more nor less than plain black.

Then too there is the style of gown to be considered. Many of the larger pictures are in process of making for six or eight weeks before their completion and very often with the careful direction they are now given the process covers as many months. Besides this, the life of the average film is pretty long, traveling as it does through the smaller towns after it has completed all metropolitan showings. This means, then, that the style of a gown must not be too exaggerated to be in good taste during this entire period of time, and yet, it must be sufficiently in advance of the prevailing fashions at the time it was chosen to appear the correct thing whenever and wherever it is shown.

* * *

Besides this a costume must fit the temperament of the character portrayed by its wearer, and all sorts of little touches can help in making that character a real person to the spectator. For instance, let us suppose that I am playing the rôle of a simple, unsophisticated girl. It is only logical that I should wear an entirely different type of costume from that which I would choose were I doing the part of a deep-eyed adventuress. I should probably do my hair differently, walk differently, wear different sorts of hats and shoes and—oh, countless other things. Sometimes in one story a character is so treated by the author that a transition must be shown in age, in tastes or in characteristics. All this must have its consequent effect upon the manner in which that character dresses, and the portrayer of such a rôle must be constantly on the alert to catch the fine shadings so necessary in her costuming.

* * *

Still another point—a costume must fit the occasion for which it is worn. The average person would be just as unlikely to make a general practice of appearing in the morning in an elaborate afternoon gown as she would wear an evening gown to a daytime reception. Yet I have known both these things to be done by inexperienced screen players. Into the category of "fitness" comes the use of jewelry as a pet method of showing great wealth. Such jewels as are worn by the motion picture actress must be chosen carefully and consistently with the costume with which it is

Vivian Martin has in abundant measure, that powerful attraction of the theatre called CHARM. Her triumphs in "The Girl at Home," Giving Becky a Chance" and "The Sunset Trail" are an augury of the good things to come in "The Trouble Buster" and "Molly Entangled".

You can tell a good picture — afterward — but how about — before you see it? It's simple when you know how — just look for the

Paramount and Artcraft Pictures

trade-marks—your *assurance* that the picture features a truly *great star*, that it is the work of a *famous author*, and that it has been staged by a *director* whose ability has been proven and who has the vast resources of the world's greatest producer at his call.

The next time you go to a photoplay, assure yourself of a pleasant evening's entertainment by (1) looking for the Paramount and Artcraft trade-marks on the posters outside the theatre—(2) look through the newspapers and go to those theatres advertising Paramount and Artcraft Pictures.

If your theatre does not show these *quality* pictures, tell the manager that you would like to see them. He will be only too glad to please you.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

ADOLPH ZUKOR Pres. JESSE L. LASKY Vice Pres. CECIL B. DE MILLE Producer-General NEW YORK

Paramount Pictures

worn, and with the screen character of the wearer. No refined, high-class woman, no matter how great her wealth, covers herself with gems in the daytime, and even at night prefers to wear a few good pieces rather than a great many of inferior value. Yet I have seen girls who are supposed to be taking place in some select society function so covered with chunks of glass that in a darkened room they resemble Broadway at night. I myself am very fond of gems, in fact, the collection of rare pieces is a hobby of mine, but I am extremely careful how and why I wear it around the studio. Sometimes, however, accidents will happen. I remember back in one of my earlier pictures I once portrayed the rôle of a girl of very moderate means. We had completed the making of most of the scenes and late one afternoon had it run off for us in the studio projection room. We were delighted until on a close-up I noticed that dressed as I was in shabby clothes there gleamed on my little finger an expensive emerald ring. How or why I had neglected to remove it before making up, and how it escaped the eagle eye of the director, I have not been able to figure out to this day. Luckily we were able to do the scene over by working half the night, but I shudder to think what would have happened had we not noticed the omission in time.

* * *

Sometimes, when after seemingly endless trouble and worry everything appears to be complete, a gown or a hat will tear, just for the pure cussedness of things. If it can be mended by the wardrobe mistress who is kept on the premises, well and good. Sometimes, however, the damage is too great to remedy. The gown has been registered in a previous scene. To wear a different one would spoil the continuity of the play, and to destroy the other scenes in which the injured article was registered may mean the loss of many hundreds of feet of film. A hurry call is sent out for a duplicate. This may be obtainable in a day or two or it may take a week or more, with a consequent loss of time in the making of the picture, and its attendant effect upon the tempers of everyone involved.

* * *

The expense of dressing a photoplay is a breath-catching item. I never use a gown more than once before the camera. It is purchased with a certain picture in mind, and upon the completion of that picture it is given or thrown away. Many of my clothes I give to my friends. In addition to this I receive many requests from girls who have seen my photoplays and have admired a certain gown or hat or cloak. Once in a great while an old gown can be so altered as to be fit for use, sometimes combining two slightly worn ones makes an entirely new article. But this is not often possible. Screen work is extremely

wearing on the clothes and aft constant rehearsing and acting in gown that gown is not good f much, you may be sure. Not ever one agrees with me, of course. know of one very good actress w buys all her wearing apparel f private life with a view to weari it out before the camera when freshness is a bit gone. I know still another player who purchas her clothes for studio wear and aft wards uses them in her home li But I find that it is only once in great while that I can combine bu ness with pleasure where my cloth are concerned. A street suit I c occasionally wear for a short sce in one of my pictures and for a wr I wear in "Magda" I paid seventee hundred dollars. That, of course, intend to wear for theatre and oth evening occasions. And—I do r say this to boast, but only to ma clear my point about the large su of money necessary to the corr dressing of pictures—I have pa over twenty-five thousand dollars a leading importer during the p four months.

* * *

Lastly, there is the effect clothing upon the wearer. The is a great deal of talk about kinds of psychology these days, b it is a well-established fact that t psychological effect of clothing up the actions and feelings of t wearer is very great. With t consciousness that one is well a fittingly dressed one is apt to f much more comfortable and the fore to act much more natura than if he were not quite sure of appearance and of the effect he making. I know that clothes aff me tremendously. For one scene "Magda" I required a simple Swe ish costume. My mother has ma many of my less elaborate thin and so, as there was no time to se out for the necessary Swedish dr she undertook to make it for m The effect was wonderful and eve thing went well until, after work for a while the dress began to f uncomfortable. When I raised arms it would work up in the ba and pucker about the neck, a although they told me that it lool all right, it felt all wrong, and t was all there was to it. I through the scene somehow, but nerves were so unstrung that I h to give up work for the day.

* * *

Add to all this the fact that every gown there must be a hat parasol, shoes. gloves, and countl other accessories, and that all t rushing about for clothes is done the screen player in between sce during which she is throwing heart and soul into her work bef the camera in the full glare of Cooper-Hewitts is it any won that the placid lady in the audie sweetly murmurs to her chocol nibbling companion on a close "Mercy, my dear,—how old sh looking!"

Kathleen Clifford in who is "Number One,"? a serial production by Horkheimer Brothers, released by Paramount

Close followers of the screen will recognize even beneath this disguise the delightful features of Marguerite Clark, who is now being starred by Paramount in an adaptation of Mary Robert Rinehart's well-known "Sub-Deb" stories

Texas Guinan has been added to the roster of Triangle stars

Mae Murray's introduction to the public as a Bluebird star will be in "The Princess Virtue," directed by Robert Leonard

The first Eva Tanguay picture is entitled "The Wild Girl." Several of Miss Tanguay's vaudeville costumes will be screened for the first time

ONE REASON FOR THE SHORT LIFE OF THE MOVIE PRESS AGENT

DEAR BILL:—Did you know that Marguerite Clark has a canary that can sing the Belgian national air? 'Sfact. I found it out only yesterday and I'm going to splash it all over the women's pages of the afternoon dailies—maybe. Of course the bird doesn't know it's the Belgian national air it's singing, but you wouldn't know the Belgian national air either, if you should hear it, so it's fifty-fifty and the story's good.

I made the discovery at the end of an imperfect day. It started at 9:30 and ended at 7 P.M., and all the news I was able to dig up for the edification of a palpitating public was that about the canary bird and the fact that Billie Burke had to eat so many ham and eggs during rehearsal that she couldn't look a Ritz menu in the face that night, or perhaps I should say so much ham and so many eggs. Whichever you prefer.

I'll let you in on this: These movie stars don't like publicity. No sarcasm. They don't. You thought they did, I know. You thought they were wild to see themselves in print or automobiles or the latest fashions, or at the beach or digging in their Hoover gardens or rolling bandages or golf or dice or along in their motors or making bread or hay while the sun shines. They don't give a durn about it, at least these Paramount stars don't. Lots of picture people love that stuff, but the Paramount people seem to like to act out for the movies and let it go at that. It makes it nice for the press agent. (Now you can apply the sarcastic reading.)

Why, I've even had to talk the value of publicity to these public personalities. I've pulled that "there-are - twenty-two - peaks - in - Colorado - higher - than - Pikes Peak-does - it - pay - to - advertise" bromide on all of them a dozen times. Fancy that, Hedda. Urging an actress to come on into print!

Of course they all know the value of publicity. I know they know and they know I know it but that's as far as it goes.

Do you think that when I amble into the Famous Players' studio on a still hunt for stories, Billie Burke or Marguerite Clark or Pauline Frederick throw their hats in the air and the movie orchestra strikes up "Here Comes a Sailor"? Think again. I am as welcome to those teeming temperaments as a gas helmet at a masquerade. Do they cluster round me and tell me what the baby said when Pa Ziegfeld slipped on the nursery rug this morning; or how the corner bootblack likes to shine Marguerite Clark's shoes because he only has to use one-sixth as much polish as ordinary-sized brogans require; or whether Pauline bought another dog or another car the day before yesterday? They do not. Believe it or not, when it comes to talking for public these shrinking violets are the ask her every available and imaginary question from a request for a picture to whether or not she puts catsup in her tea. Marg—nobody ever calls her Marg, but that's just to show you how familiar I am—Marg answers every letter. By the time she has finished autographing 287 photographs a week and explained to 334 ardent admirers just what the inmost secrets of her life are, there is no welcome in her eye

Marguerite Clark and her canary that sings the National Belgian Air

original sensitive plants, the Klieglight blooming seriouses of insouciance, pachyderms, impervious to importunity; apathetic sang froids of imperturbation, nil admirari, nonchalant, pococurante, sans souci. (Roget's Tresaurus, page 338, special press agent's edition, 1917.)

Ask me why these luminaries shine on in silence and I'll tell you I don't know unless it's because the *vain* is worked out. Do you get that one, Bill? Marguerite Clark gets about forty letters a day from various amorosos of the movies. This is no press agent taradiddle. She really does; and these idol hounds for the pestiferous p.a. when he drops in of an afternoon seeking food for his trusty Corona.

It's a gay life, the press agent's. When he finishes getting nothing out of the stars, he writes what he hasn't got, thinks awhile about what he could write but don't and takes the whole mess around to the editor. Pick your own editor; any of them will do. They're all willing to give the press agent time to think up a scenario or two while he waits in the ante-room three or four hours. If you've written something snappy and have a few good pictures to go with it and then think for a minute the editor is going to call you a good kid just because he can get the story free—guess again. He's more apt to make you think you're an essayist trying to sell a bone-dry treatise at fifteen cents a word, less commission.

And when he does take your brain-child from you, the odds are eight to five that he'll remove every trace of its origin so that it can be legally adopted without offending the advertising department.

You see your little offspring of an offering belongs to the Paramount family—it's old Pa Paramount who pays you your wages, you know. But the editor makes a blue pencil camouflage of your family tree and pares away the Paramount without a tremor. It's all wrong, P. T. Barnum, it's all wrong.

So back you go to your glass-topped desk in the office on the Avenue. And right here, Bill, you're among friends. The minute you set foot on the tiles of the ante-room your stock begins to jump from fifty cents on the dollar to ten or twelve above par, and you begin to feel like a captain of industry because there's so much of it going on about you.

Here there are at least a hundred workers, all toiling at publicity. There are advertising experts and art men, trade paper writers and magazine mentors, mimeographers—whole shoals of them—and shippers, photograph file girls and press book compilers, house organ editors and special camera men and a score or more in other departments fighting to tell the world how Lina Cavalieri is going to do her hair this Fall or what size corsets Julian Eltinge wears.

You remember when you used to go to Coney, Bill, before the days of the tungsten lamp? And you remember the leather-lunged bassoguffo who would ballyhoo you into the tent where George the Turtle Boy played his shell game? Well, that Barker was personality's first megaphone and he reached a hundred ears.

To-day the megaphone is a machine of commerce, operated by thousands of skilled mechanics throughout the movie world and the ears that hear what the wheels grind out, take their owners' eyes to the arc-lit screen to see the wonders of the picture world—press agents of the movies, entrepreneurs of pleasure's sanctuary, harbingers of the land of "let's forget." Class, eh, George? It's a gift.

Yours for publicity,

FRED.

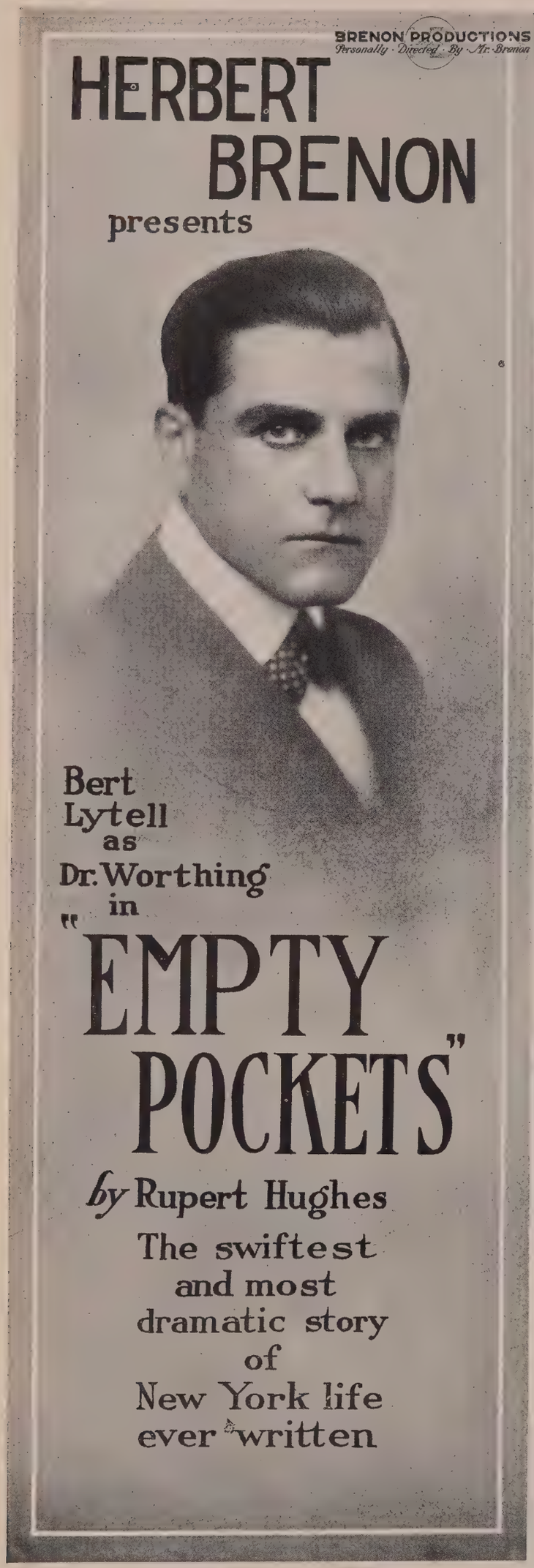
A stirring and extremely exciting moment in the motion picture life of Beatrice Michelena

This is not the fashion editor's suggestion for a new Fall coiffure. It is a scene from Paramount picture, "The Call of the East" with Sesue Hayakawa

Photo Charlotte Fairchild

Norma Talmadge and one of her pets. The other ten million are film fans. Miss Talmadge's latest picture is "The Moth"

This strip is one of the beautiful silhouetted scenes in "The Judgment House," directed by J. Stuart Blackton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Personally Directed By Mr. Brenon
HERBERT BRENON
presents
Bert Lytell as Dr. Worthing in
"EMPTY POCKETS"
by Rupert Hughes
The swiftest and most dramatic story of New York life ever written

UNWINDING THE REEL

The entire motion picture world was shocked by the sudden death of Florence La Badie, the Thanhouser star. Miss La Badie had been hurt in an automobile accident.

* * *

Augustus Thomas has joined forces with Harry Raver in the formation of a new motion picture producing organization. Mr. Thomas will contribute original stories besides acting in an advisory capacity.

* * *

The Ogden Pictures Corporation have purchased the film rights to David Graham Phillips' novel "The Grain of Dust." Miss Lillian Walker will be starred.

* * *

Herbert Brenon expects to complete the production of "Empty Pockets" upon which he is working, in four or five weeks.

* * *

Pauline Frederick's next Paramount vehicle will be "The Hungry Heart," one of David Graham Phillips' most popular novels.

* * *

Olive Tell's next picture for the Empire All-Star Corporation will be entitled "Her Sister," from the play in which Ethel Barrymore starred under Charles Frohman's management.

* * *

William Fox's next kiddie feature offering will be "Babies in the Woods" with Francis Carpenter and Virginia Lee Corbin.

* * *

"A Maid of Belgium" is the new World picture Brady-made in which Alice Brady is the star and which is announced for release November 5th. There are some war scenes in this drama which are said to be very realistic.

* * *

Nazimova is now working on her first Metro picture, "God's Message" adapted by Ethel Browning Miller from the story "A Rosebush of a Thousand Years."

* * *

Christy Cabanne, a well known director, will head a new producing corporation to be known as the Zenith Film Corporation and whose first picture will be entitled "America's Mission."

* * *

Mary Pickford's next Artcraft release will be "The Little Princess," adapted to the screen by Frances Marion from Frances Hodgson Burnett's novel.

Rumors of Wall Street capital and the film business have been coming fast and furious in the past month. Amalgamations, mergers and combinations of all sorts and involving all kinds of money have been mentioned. Up-to-date, however, Wall Street seems to be far too busy attending to its own business to take up seriously the questions of the investment of its millions in the picture industry.

* * *

The film industry is doing its share toward making the Second Liberty Loan a success. Many of the big companies have subscribed heavily, and the drive will continue up to the last day.

* * *

Motion picture theatregoers have a genuine treat coming to them. Pictures of the Rosemary Pageant when completed will be unusually novel. Every star of any note has done his or her bit and the gorgeous setting of Conklin's estate at Huntington, L. I., provides a most unusual background.

* * *

Earle Fox will be Constance Talmadge's leading man in "The Honeymoon," which production will be released by the Select Pictures Corporation.

* * *

D. W. Griffith and the Gish sisters, Dorothy and Lillian, have returned from abroad where D. W. managed to use up considerable footage on the battle front. These pictures are to be woven into a mammoth spectacle, which will not be ready for public exhibition for some time to come.

* * *

Taylor Holmes' current comedy drama is entitled "Two-Bit Seats." Marguerite Clayton will play opposite to Mr. Holmes.

* * *

Bessie Barriscale is at work on her third Paralta play, "Within the Cup," and J. Warren Kerrigan is hard at work on Frederick Chapin's story, "Turn of a Card."

* * *

Two Motion Picture Exhibitions are scheduled for 1918. The first will be held in New York in February and the second in Boston in July.

* * *

Fenimore Cooper Towne announces that Lawrence Trimble, after directing "The Auction Block," by Rex Beach, and "The Spreading Dawn," with Jane Cowl, is now engaged in the direction of the Petrova pictures.

A scene from "Daughter of Destiny," Mme. Petrova's first picture made by her own company. Thomas Holding is the man to be envied

The back of this photograph tells its story—"The Conqueror," with William Farnum, staged by R. A. Walsh, cost $300,000. Several thousand people and a thousand horses

This is a scene from a photoplay recently staged to stimulate interest in the second Liberty Loan. Mary Pickford turns bandit and at the point of Bill Hart's gun relieves Fairbanks, Hart, Eltinge and Roberts of their possessions in the way of Liberty Bonds

THE CASTING DIRECTOR HAS HIS SAY

THE process of casting for a motion picture is an endless chain beginning with the inception of the plot idea, and ending with the director's last note of final preparation. The people of the story form the links in this chain, the endurance of which is often determined, not by the strongest, but by the weakest of the lot. By this is meant that no matter how admirable the star and the principal actors may be, the ultimate effect of the scene may be entirely minimized by badly selected supers or minor players—for in pictures, as on the legitimate stage, the most important factor in success involves the creation of an illusion of reality. If, therefore, in the course of a scene, any figure intrudes which is not in harmony with the story of the surrounding atmosphere, the producer's hold upon the imagination of his audience is promptly in danger.

In casting a play one is not confronted with the same difficulty. If an actor is disappointing at rehearsal, it is almost always possible to replace him and to get another in time for the opening performance; but from the moment the picture man begins to "shoot," the expense is great and the loss of a thousand feet of film and consequent delays due to an incompetent actor in the cast, are serious matters.

* * *

There is this difference, too, between casting for a play and casting for a picture. In most cases a play deals with a single set of characters involved in a plot structure that covers a comparatively small space of time, and that involves a definite struggle of a more or less individual nature; but the elasticity of the film, its wide sweep and scope, are such that it enables the producer to cover, if need be, a whole lifetime; or, for that matter, to bridge over the centuries. Its scope is more like that of the novel or the history. In most plays character development and psychic processes are of secondary consideration when compared to the action of the story; in the film individual mental and moral changes are of vast importance.

* * *

In casting for pictures, therefore, I am not satisfied with the mere label "doctor," "lawyer," "crook," "business man," for each character, because, as I have pointed out, these individuals are susceptible to many changes. I want to know something about the history of each, about the circumstances in which they have lived, or are supposed to have lived, before the experiences involved in the picture have begun. And again, what the ultimate developments in their lives are likely to be.

* * *

In the old method the casting director (which more frequently than not was a high-toned name for an employment agent in the picture field, who was satisfied to be told over the telephone that the director wanted a young man for a doctor or what not) played "safe" when he sent along the recognized conventional type. That is why in so many pictures one sees the same man or woman over and over again, doing the same old conventional things in the same old conventional way.

* * *

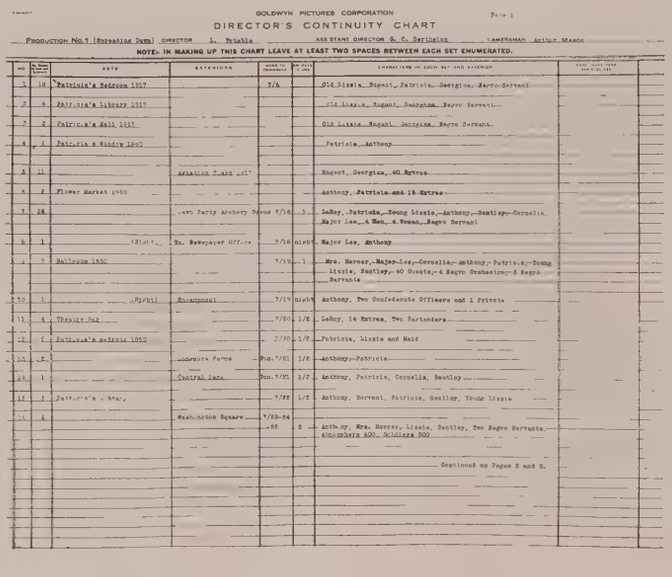
In endeavoring to co-ordinate my work with that of the director and the camera-man at the studio, I very soon discovered that complete co-operation between the three of us was absolutely essential. To this end I finally evolved and had adopted The Director's Continuity Chart. With this chart in my hand, I am able to estimate in advance what length of time will be occupied in the scenes involving any given character or group of characters. This is highly important, not only for the studio, but in the making of engagements; for so many people are employed in a moving picture, who work perhaps two or three days and then do not work again for several weeks, that an impossible expense would be involved if they were all engaged for the entire period covered in the making of a picture. But weather conditions, involving delays, and various unexpected happenings, frequently occasion changes in the schedule. The director or assistant director is required, therefore, to submit a supplementary chart of people actually required, forty-eight hours before they are needed at the studio. Unfortunately, even this added precaution is not sufficient to prevent an occasional "rush order," for circumstances frequently arise that necessitate the transposition of scenes and the interchange of characters, and this too, in spite of the fact that efficiency and system have been developed to the highest point in the management of studios.

* * *

My work in casting for the pictures begins the day that we decide upon a story; it goes right through the process of scenario preparation, and continues up to the final minute of the production of the picture. I familiarize myself not only with that portion of the story which remains in the scenario after it has been passed upon for actual production but also with every detail and description of each and every character that was in the author's mind as he originally outlined and developed his story.

* * *

The old method would be far easier for me, and would allow me no end of leisure time, for all that would be necessary would be for me to enjoy myself until the picture was actually started, and await the memoranda from the studio as to what types were wanted. Then I could hand the memorandum to my secretary with instructions to telephone to any one of the numerous actors' agencies to have the people at the studio at the time required and the people would be there, and they would be, in a sense, satisfactory. But there would not be the highly individual quality to the picture, or the people in it, which is one of my ambitions.



GOLDWYN PICTURES CORPORATION

DIRECTOR'S CONTINUITY CHART

Production No. 1 (Spreading Dam) DIRECTOR L. Trimble ASSISTANT DIRECTOR G. C. Berthelot CAMERAMAN Arthur Miasic

NOTE: IN MAKING UP THIS CHART LEAVE AT LEAST TWO SPACES BETWEEN EACH SET ENUMERATED.

NO.	No. Scenes in Each Set	SETS	EXTERIORS	DATE TO REHEARSE	DATE TO SHOOT	CHARACTERS IN EACH SET AND EXTERIOR	DATE SCENES TAKEN AND O. K.'D.
1	18	Patricia's Bedroom 1917		7/4		Old Lizzie, Regent, Patricia, Georgina, Negro Servant	
2	6	Pat.cia's Library 1917				Old Lizzie, Regent, Georgina, Negro Servant	
3	2	Patric.a's Hall 1917				Old Lizzie, Regent, Georgina, Negro Servant	
4	4	Patricia's Window 1890				Patricia, Anthony	
5	11		Aviation Field #1			Regent, Georgina, 40 Extras	
6	6	Flower Market 1840				Anthony, Patricia and 15 Extras	
7	24		Town Party Archery Range 9/18	3		LeRoy, Patricia, Young Lizzie, Anthony, Bentley, Cornelia, Major Lee, 4 Men, 4 Women, Negro Servant	
8	1	(Night)	Ex. Newspaper Office	7/18	night	Major Lee, Anthony	
9	7	Ballroom 1850		7/19	1	Mrs. Mercer, Major Lee, Cornelia, Anthony, Patricia, Young Lizzie, Bentley, 60 Guests, 4 Negro Orchestra, 8 Negro Servants	
10	1	(Night)	Monument	7/19	night	Anthony, Two Confederate Officers and 1 Private	
11	4	Theatre Box		7/20	1/8	LeRoy, 14 Extras, Two Bartenders	
12	1	Patricia's Bedroom 1863		7/20	1/8	Patricia, Lizzie and Maid	
13	2		Lasky Farm	Rd. 7/21	1/8	Anthony, Patricia	
14	1		Central Park	Mon. 7/22	1/8	Anthony, Patricia, Cornelia, Bentley	
15	1	Patricia's Library		7/22	1/8	Anthony, Servant, Patricia, Bentley, Young Lizzie	
16	6		Washington Square	7/23-24	8	Anthony, Mrs. Mercer, Lizzie, Bentley, Two Negro Servants, Atmosphere 600, Soldiers 200	

Continued on Pages 2 and 3.

A DAY WITH A MOVIE STAR

ALL roads led to Marblehead, for Essex County, Mass., folk, this last week, for word had been passed around that Mrs. Vernon Castle, the Pathé star, was there doing some scenes for a new photoplay. An ancient mariner, leaning over his driftwood fence was heard to remark as he gazed curiously at the long strings of motor cars and "top buggies" that hustled past his cottage in a cloud of dust "Makes me think of circus days back in the seventies only they didn't have the ortermobiles in those days. And all to see one of them actress women, too. Land of Goshen, how times have changed!"

Director Larry McGill had purposely postponed the trip until after Labor Day thinking that by so doing he would duck the throng of visitors which experience had taught him would clutter up his foregrounds just as he was about to call "camera"! But he might just as well have picked Broadway and 42nd Street at high noon as a nice quiet spot for a basket party. All that Marblehead Neck needed to carry out the ancient mariner's simile was a steam calliope, a few ballyhoo men and plenty of popcorn balls and cochineal colored lemonade.

Mrs. Castle was down for a lofty jump from the top of a cliff into the sparkling waters of that same Atlantic Ocean which is popular with bathers at Atlantic City almost up to the time when snow falls, but what a difference! One look at the steel colored waters that lave the rocks of old Marblehead would convince the skeptic that there is a difference. So convinced was Mrs. Castle of that difference that she refused to test the water with her hand before she made her jump. "I might lose my nerve if I knew how cold it is," she remarked. So while all Essex County shivered with sympathy she made her jump, clothes and all to rescue the little helpless che-ild that the scenario writer and the director had planted in the icy waters waiting to be rescued. A few minutes later a very shivery and bedraggled lady with blue lips and a plentiful supply of gooseflesh pulled herself out of the surf with a similarly bedraggled and shivering child in her arms while a battery of cameras whirred like a flock of aeroplanes.

Before she made her jump Mrs. Castle was observed to be wearing a very becoming blue plaid gingham frock with deep cuffs and collar of white organdie and a white satin sailor hat. When she dripped her way out upon the beach the nifty frock was ablob of impressionistic colors that, were they seen, would make her the mascot of the Rainbow Division "somewhere on Lond Island." She looked at herself ruefully.

"Since the war every color seems to run. This is the fifth dress I have ruined this summer doing 'water stuff.' Sherman was right

MAGIC SHELVES

WHENEVER I go to see Madame Rubinstein at her establishment I always hope she will be a little late in appearing, that I may have time to inspect the alluring built-in shelves that line one whole side of the reception room and that contain the precious ointments, and lotions, and extracts. A small library of its kind. Picturesque sets of blue and green and rose boxes. A new edition of rouges in gilt bindings. A rare Voskpasta! Regiments of conservative opaque white bottles which bear colorful and intriguing titles, "Snow Lotion," the "Eau Qui Pique," the "Eau Verte."

I was perusing the fall stock the other morning when Madame Rubinstein herself appeared, as picturesque as her surroundings, in a one-piece frock of dark green velour with a chic hat of American Beauty cloth.

"What is new?" repeated Madame Rubinstein after me. "This is new,—this rouge," picking up a gilt tube about twice the size of the average lip salve stick. "There is a dark rouge for the daytime and a light rouge for night and they are both put up in this convenient form for one's bag. And there is a lip salve to match each in a much smaller tube."

"And the 'Snow Lotion?'" I inquired. "I don't remember seeing that before."

"No?" said Madame. "That is for greasy skins. And the 'Lotion Noir' is a wash of additional strength for the same purpose. This 'Eau Verte' is wonderful. It stimulates the skin, bringing all the blood to the face and giving color for several hours. The 'Eau Qui Pique' is for deep wrinkles and puffiness of the skin under the eyes."

Here the wife of a well-known sculptor, who has lived much abroad and learned to go to Madame Rubinstein in London clamored for her attention and I proceeded to depart. Not before reinforcing myself, however, from the magic shelves with a new box of Beauty Grains, which I would as soon be without as soap, and a bottle of the Roman Jelly for the preservation of my under-chin line.

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Recorded by Alexander Woollcott

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In the stimulating conversations of hers that he has recalled, she illumines the path of all those—playwrights, players, and playgoers alike—who are working for better things in the theatre; and for the young actor she provides a work that is at once a text-book and a kindling inspiration. Mrs. Fiske is the most commanding figure on our stage and here, for the first time, is set forth her theory of the theatre.

Beyond those articles which appeared in "The Century Magazine" are some hitherto unpublished chapters which give a history of Mrs. Fiske's work from the days when she was an infant prodigy, a four-year-old, billed as "Little Minnie Maddern," down to the notable productions at the Manhattan Theatre.

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The favorite "Sweetest Story Ever Told," is charmingly rendered by Sophie Braslau. Her deep contralto voice brings out new beauties and the effect is heightened by the playing of the refrain on the bell-like celesta by Rosario Bourdon. A happy memory inspired Drdla to write one of the most delightful of compositions for violin, and a new record of this "Souvenir," interpreted by Mischa Elman, will make that memory a beautiful reality in thousands of homes.—*Advt.*

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Thea. 11-17

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MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY

(*Continued from page* 280.)

it is trifles light as air—the blowing of soap-bubbles in a room with stained-glass windows. Let us hope that some day Mr. Hurlburt will write up an unadulterated comedy. Perhaps we should give him credit for having at last truthfully portrayed in the theatre the intelligence of the average Broadway playwright—I mean the part entrusted to Mr. Yapp.

48TH STREET. "THE LAND OF THE FREE." Play in a prologue and three acts by Fannie Hurst and Harriet Ford. Produced on October 2 with this cast:

Sonia Marinoff	Florence Nash
Riva	Alice Lindahl
Olga	Dora Kashinsky
Rosochka	Nadya Gordon
Rachel	Vera Gordon
Walter Lazar	Leslie Austin
Mrs. David Lazar	Ida Darling
Gertrude	Edith Campbell Walker
Carlo Barnesconi	Giorgio Majeroni
Max Einhorn	Richard Tabor
Henry Huddler	Frank Hatch
Anton Borkin	Semion Kovzeloff
Miss Hartman	Keith Wakeman
Rabbi Isaiah	Louis Weissberg
Regina Begriffinfeldt	Kathleen Barry
Angelica Spordoni	Gladys Webster
Speed Annie	Marion Stephenson
Anna	Dorothy Dank
Maria	Nancy Saunders
Sadie	Virginia Scott
Granny	Lettie Ford
Herman	Adolph Lewis
Tony	C. E. Clark
Vasiliy	Nathan Gordon
Masha	Sophia Osoff
Alexander	Louis Pogorelsky

UNLESS I entirely miss my guess "The Land of the Free" at the Forty-eighth Street is in for a long and profitable run. It contains all the elements that figure in the make-up of a big popular success.

Its central figure is a young Russian immigrant fighting against big odds for better things. It is human throughout and withal bristling with genuine humor of observation and speech. Basically it is familiar but the interpretation is novel and Fannie Hurst and Harriet Ford, who fashioned this play, have dexterously presented a series of picturesque facts in a practical and effective fashion. It enjoys an interpretation that is well nigh perfect. The smallest part, and there are many of them, is soundly handled. The stage direction too is of superior excellence and the settings in absolute keeping with the requirements.

The first scene of the opening act takes place in a small village near Odessa where Sonia Marinoff takes a sorrowful farewell of her family, bound as she is for America, where her elder sister is established. From the Yiddish theatres Brady has imported a number of players and this scene thereby gains in truthful and graphic realism by the skilful acting of these native players.

Fighting her way through Ellis Island, Sonia has mastered a certain amount of the English language, she finds her sister established in a Norfolk Street flat the mistress of her shirtwaist employer, an Italian, played with fine artistry by Georgio Majeroni. Into his shop she goes, and a year later you see her working there. She has now become a live wire. She starts a strike, buys an interest in a patent that turns out well and out of hand marries a writer and settlement worker who has befriended her.

The last act shows the contrast in the differing social statuses, but the end is a happy one and the intervening phases are redolent with humor, truth and interest.

Full of magnetism that sweeps in waves across the footlights Florence Nash makes Sonia a living, breathing figure that carries all before it. Alice Lindahl as the sister Riva was emotionally sympathetic, Leslie Austin a most attractive young lover, Richard Tabor an admirable contract labor-agent with a heart and Frank Hatch a convincing inventor.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "THE RIVIERA GIRL." Musical comedy in three acts. Music by Emmerich Kalman, book and lyrics by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse. Produced on September 24, with this cast:

Sylva Vareska	Wilda Bennett
Baron Ferrier	J. Clarence Harvey
Charles Lorenz	Arthur Burckley
Gustave	Eugene Lockhart
Anatole	Frank Farrington
Sam Springer	Sam Hardy
Birdie Springer	Juliette Day
Count Michael Lorenz	Louis Casavant
Victor de Berryl	Carl Gantvoort
Old Rigg	William Sadler
Claire Ferrier	Vio'a Cain
Daisy	Marjorie Bentley
Paul	J. Lowe Murphy
The New Star	Louise Evans

THE music in "The Riviera Girl" is better than the comedy, and the scenery best of all. It is the tale of a variety singer at Monte Carlo, loved by a young man whose father will not consent to the marriage. To gain her a title, the youth plans to wed her to a penniless baron, get her a divorce and then make her his wife. But his plans go astray. The false baron proves to be a prince, the girl weds him and the youth consoles himself with another.

Josef Urban, in his stage decorations, once more shows himself a master of his art. Truly beautiful are the settings, full of rich colorings and harmony of line. Wilda Bennett acts and sings charmingly as the Riviera Girl. Juliette Day and Sam Hardy add lustre to the cast, and the only fault we can find with the dancing of dainty Marjorie Bentley is that there is not enough of it.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., *required by the Act of Congress of August* 24, 1912, of THEATRE MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1917, State of New York, County of New York. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Louis Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Theatre Magazine, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Theatre Magazine Co., 6 East 39th St., New York. Editor, Arthur Hornblow, 6 East 39th St., New York. Managing Editor, none, Business Managers, Paul and Louis Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York. That the owners are: The Theatre Magazine Company, 6 East 39th St., New York, Mr. Henry Stern, 838 West End Ave., New York, Mr. Louis Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York, Mr. Paul Meyer, 6 East 39th St., New York. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds mortgages, or other securities are: None That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders, as they appear upon the books of the company, but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and that affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

Signed by LOUIS MEYER,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1917.
[SEAL.] GEORGE H. BROOKE,
Notary Public,
Bronx Co. No. 44.
New York Co. Clerk's No. 148.
New York Co. Register's No. 8150.
(My commission expires March 30, 1918

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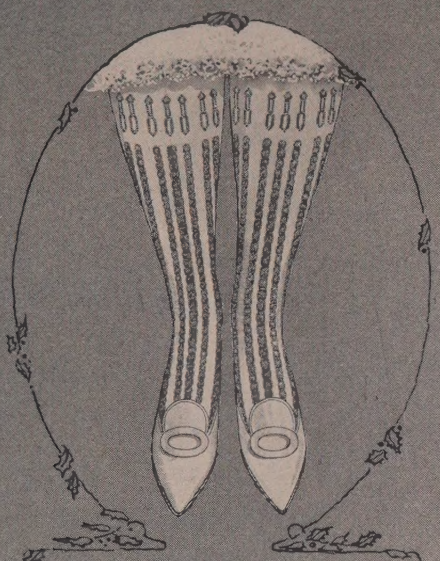

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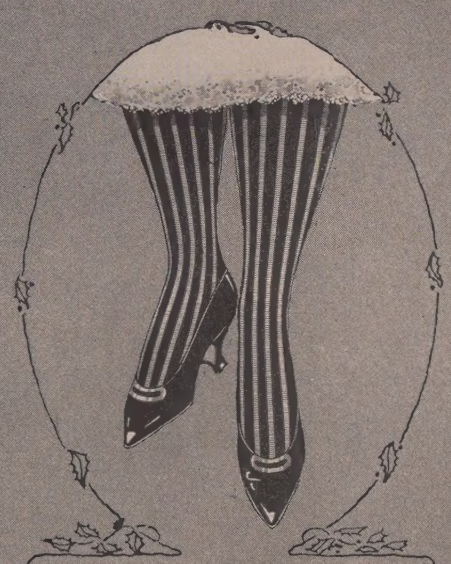

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